CATERPILLAR 5

$1.25

"Art is a word which summarizes the quality of communication."

--L. Ron Hubbard

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A new Caterpillar Book has been published this fall: BROTHER STONES with woodcuts by William Paden and poems by Clayton Eshleman. The work consists of six woodcuts, ranging from seven to ten colors each, printed on handmade Japanese mulberry paper using silver magnolia blocks, and eleven poems, typeset on a different kind of mulberry paper. The seventeen sheets, plus title page and colophon, have been laid in a cloth covered case which ties with bone hooks. Impossible to describe its dark beauty (approximately 7 x 9 inches). All prints signed by the artist. BROTHER STONES is published in an edition of 250 copies, of which 150 are for sale at $15.00 each.

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CATERPILLAR, A Gathering of the Tribes, is published & edited by Clayton Eshleman at 36 Greene Street, NYC 10013. Robert Kelly is a Contributing Editor and Hugh Seidman is an Assistant Editor. Subscriptions: $5 a year. The magazine began October 1967 and will appear quarterly for three years.

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THE PAUL BLACKBURN GARCIA LORCA VERSIONS

La Monja Gitana

Silence of lime and myrtle.
Mallows among delicate herbs.
The nun embroiders gilliflowers
on a straw-colored fabric.
Seven birds in a prism
whirl in the spider-grey.
The church grunts at the prospect
like a bear with a high stomach.
How well she embroiders! With what grace!
On the straw-colored fabric she
wanted to embroider flowers out
of her fantasy. What
sunflower! What magnolia!
magnolia with spangles and ribbons!
What crocuses and moonflowers!
in the altar-cloth for the mass.

Five shaddocs are sweetening
in the nearby kitchen.
Five wounds of the Christ
cut in Almería.
Through the eyes of the nun
a pair of bandits gallop.
A rustling, final and thin
escapes the starched fichu,
and to see clouds and mountains
in the motionless distances,
her heart breaks, twists in itself
sugar and yerbaluisa.
What an exalted flatland, high
with twenty gold suns above it!
What rivers of foot-tracks
her mind caught glimmering of!
But she continues with her flowers.

Footloose in the breeze
the lumina plays at chess
high on the windowblind.

***

Canción de Jinete

Córdoba. Remote
and alone.

Black pony, big moon,
olives in my saddle bag.
Although I know all the roads
I will never arrive at Córdoba.

Over the plain, over the wind,
black pony, moon red.
Death is looking at me
down from the towers of Córdoba.

Ai, how the road is long!
Ai, my valorous pony!
Ai, how Death awaits me
before I come to Córdoba!

Córdoba. Remote
and alone.

***

Agosto

August.
Counterpoints
azucar and peach,

and the sun within the afternoon
like the pit in a fruit.

The corn keeps intact
its smile, yellow, hard.

August.
The kids eat
dark bread, rich moon.

***

Es Verdad

Ai, what work it costs me,
wanting you like I want you!

All on account of your love
the air
hurts me--
my heart,
even my hat.

Who will buy it for me,
this hatband I' m holding,
and this sorrow of linen,
white, to make handkerchiefs?

Ai! what work it costs me,
wanting you like I want you.

***

Cortaron Tres Árboles

There were three.

(The day came with its hatchets).
There were two.
(Wings traced with silver).
There was one.
There were none.
(I want to go naked, into the water).

***

Balanza

The night, quiet, always.
The day goes and comes.

The night, tall and dead.
The day like a wing.

The night above mirrors
and the day below the wind.

***

Nocturnos de la Ventana

1.

High goes the moon.
Down comes the wind.

(My long glances
in the sky reconnoitre.)

Moon over water.
Moon under the wind.

(My short glances

reconnoitre the ground.)

Voices of two small girls
were coming. Powerless,
I went from the water' s
moon to the sky' s moon.

2.

An arm of night enters
comes in through my window.

A great brown arm
with bracelets of water.

Over a blue pool, my
soul played at the river.

And the seconds wounded
by the clock....were passing.

3.

I shove my head out
my window and see
how the knife of wind
wants to cut it off.

Into this invisible
guillotine, I' ve put
the eyeless head of
all my desires.

A fragrance of lemon
filled an immense second,
while the wind transformed
itself to a gauze blossom.

4.

Today, in the reservoir,
a small girl of water died.
She is beyond the lake now,
on the ground and sheeted.

From her head to her thighs
a fish passes over, calling her.
The wind says it " niña"
but cannot wake her.

The pool has loosened its hair
shocks of weeds floating.
In the air, grey are its nipples
terrified, shaken by frogs.

God keep you. We shall
pray to Our Lady of Waters
for the small girl of the pool
dead under the appletrees.

I will put later
2 small gourds beside her,
that she may keep herself afloat
on the salt sea.

***

Caracola

To Natalita Jimenez

They have brought me a shell.

It
sings inside
a sea on a map.
And my heart
is full of water
with little fish
silver and shadow.

They have.
They' ve brought me a shell.

***

Gacela of the Unexpected Love

No one understood the fragrance
of your belly' s dark magnolia.
No one knew you were martyring
a loving hummingbird between your teeth.

A 1000 persian horses were sleeping
in the plaza, with the moon of your forehead,
while for four nights I held
enemy of the snow, your waist.

Your glance between gypsum and jasmin,
between the white wall and the flowers,
was a pallid branch of seeds.
I searched about my chest to give you
the ivory letters reading siempre,

siempre, siempre: garden of my agony,
your fugitive body for -- always,
the blood of your veins in my mouth,
darkness of your mouth for my death.

***

Gacela of the Awful Presence

I want the water to stay without pipes.
I want the wind to stay without valleys.

I want the night to remain without eyes

and my heart without the golden flower;

the oxen to talk with the big leaves,
and the worm to die from the shadow;

that the teeth glitter from the skull
and all yellows to flood over silk.

I can see the duel of night wounded,
struggling, twisted with midday.

I resist a west of green poison,
the broken arches under which the time suffers.

But do not show the light your clean nakedness,
a black cactus standing open in the garbage pits.

Quit me in the anxiety of dark planets, but do
not teach me the freshness of your waist.

***

Cancion de la Muerte Pequeña

Meadow of moons, mortal
and blood below the earth.
Meadow of old blood.

Yesterday's light & tomorrow's.
Sky of herbs, mortal.
Light and night of sand.

I met the dead girl.
Mortal meadow of earth.
A small dead girl.

The dog in the shed.
Only my left hand over-
ran endless mountains

of dry flowers.

The cathedral in ashes.
Light & night of sand.
A small dead girl.

A dead girl, and I, a man.
A man alone, and her
a small dead girl.

Mortal meadow of the moon.
Snow moaned and trembled
outside the door.

A man. And what? I said it.
A man alone and her.
Meadow, love, light & sand.

***

Ode to Salvador Dali

One rose in the high garden you desire.
A single wheel in the pure syntax of steel.
The mountain stripped of impressionist fog.
Greys overlooking their final balustrades.

Modern painters in their white studios
cut the aseptic flower of the root squared.
In the Seine' s waters a marble iceberg chills
windows, the ivy shrivels. Man

stomps the flagstoned streets.
Mirrors avoid the reflection' s magic.
The government' s closed down the perfume shops.
A machine perpetuates its doubled beats.

No woods, screens, nor any spaces between eyebrows,
mint growing on the roofs of old houses. Air

polishes its prism upon the sea and the horizon
rises like a great aqueduct.

Sailors, unknowing of the vine and the line between
light and shadow, decapitate sirens on leaden seas.
Night, that black statue of prudence, holds
the rounded mirror of moon between her palms.

A desire for forms and limits wins us over.
The man with the yellow meter measure comes.
Venus is a white still-life and
butterfly collectors
run.

+ + +

Cadaquès on the scissor-pin between the water
and the hill heaves up a flight of steps and hides
snails. Wooden flutes calm the air. An ancient
woods-god gives fruits to the children.

The fishermen sleep dreamless on the sand.
A rose serves them as compass on the seas.
The virgin horizon of wounded handkerchiefs
conjoins the great windows of fish and moon.

A harsh crown of white brigs invests
bitter foreheads and shocks of sandy hair.
The sirens convince but make no suggestion , and
if we place a glass of fresh water before them, go.

+ + +

O Salvador Dalí, your voice olive-dark!
I do not praise the adolescent imperfection of your brush
nor your color which guards the color of your time,
but I commend your everlastingly circumscribed longings.

Hygienic mind, you live above new marble pillars.
You flee the dark wood of incredible forms.
Your imagination attains wherever your hands arrive,
you take pleasure from the sonnet of the sea at your window.

The world contains
voiceless partial shadows
and riot
in those foregrounds man frequents.
But, concealing landscapes, the stars
already make known
the perfect diagram of their orbits.

The current of time eddies, arranges itself
in the numerical rituals of one century and another.
And Death, subdued, trembling takes shelter in
the narrow circle of the passing minute.

In picking up your palette with the aim of a wing
you invoke the light which informs the
crown of the living olive.
Wide-flung light of Minerva, builder of scaffolds,
upon which is no room for the dream
nor for your inaccurate flora.

You invoke the ancient light which rests on the forehead
not reaching as far as the man' s mouth or his heart.
Light which the innermost vines of Bacchus fear
and the masterless force that curving water has.

You do well, friend, to put in warning flags,
on the dark border which glistens in the night.
As painter, you do not want the form to soften you
the iridescent shot cotton of an unforseen cloud.

The fish in the fish-bowl and the bird in the cage.
You do not wish to set them in the sea or in the wind.
You stylize or you copy after having, with honest eyes,
looked at their small agile bodies.

You love a matter defined and exact
where the mushroom may not pitch camp, you love
architecture which builds upon the absent and
you accept the banner with a simple joke.

The thud of steel recites its short resiliant line.
Undiscovered islands now contradict the sphere.

The straight line
speaks its vertical power
and learnéd mirrors
sing their geometries.

+ + +

But in the garden where you live, also the rose.
Always the rose, always, north and south of us!
Concentrated, quiet as a blind statue, unknowing of
the subterranean forces which occasion it.

Pure rose
it cleanses in rough drafts and craftsmanship
and opens to us the delicate wings of the smile.
(Mounted butterfly, contemplating its flight.)
Rose of equilibrium without sought sorrows.
The rose, always!

+ + +

O Salvador Dalí, your voice olive-dark!
I say only what you and your canvases tell me. I
do not praise the adolescent imperfection of your brush,
but I sing the firm direction of your arrows.

I sing your beautiful spirit full of Catalan lights,
your love of what has possible explanation.
I sing your heart, astronomical and tender,
like a deck of French cards and with no wound whatsoever.

I sing the statue' s longing you pursue without let,
fear for the emotion which awaits you in the street.
I sing the small siren of the sea who sings to you
from a bicycle of conch and coral.

But I sing above all a common thought which
unites us in darkened or golden hours. Art
is not the light which blinds our eyes. It is
first love, or friendship, or fencing.

It is first that the painting you sketch so patiently,

Theresa' s breast, she with the insomnolent flesh,
the tight curl of ungrateful Mathilda, our
friendship painted as a game of dice.

Typewriter tracks of blood set upon gold
underline the heart of Catalunya eternal.
Stars like fists without falcons make you glitter
while your painting and your life flower.

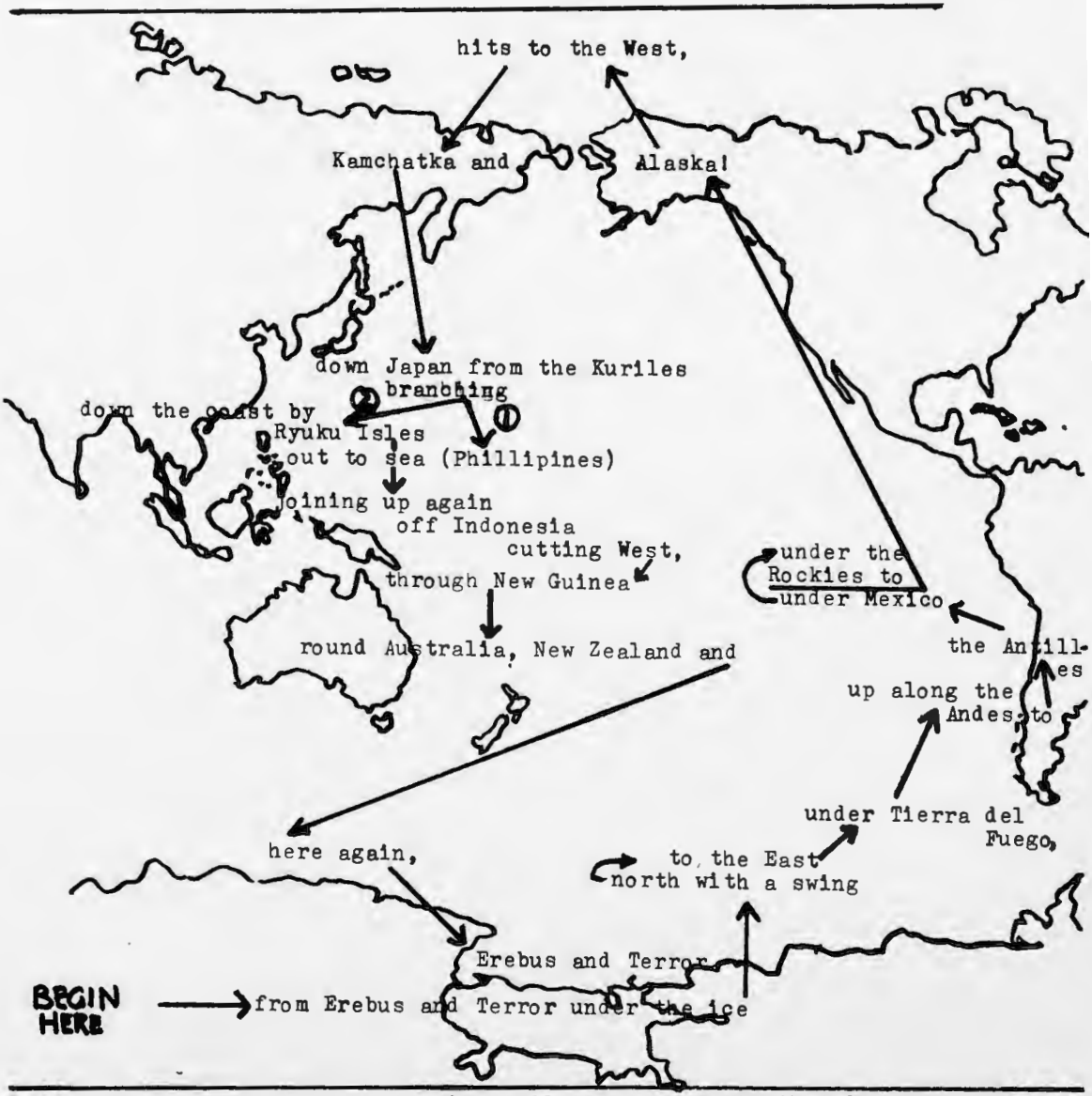
You may not see the hour glass with its membraneous wings,
nor the tough Reaper of the allegories.
You saw, and your brush in air lays bare forever,
your face to the sea peopled with boats and men who sail them.

***

(Presented here are 12 of approximately 30 versions of Lorca Blackburn did mostly in Europe in the 50s. A few of the poems have appeared in magazines, mainly origin, first series.)

GERRIT LANSING: THREE POEMS

THE BELT



The burning hell mouth opens to the night.

THE BELT

from Erebus and Terror under the ice
north with a swing
to the East
under Tierra del Fuego,
up along the Andes to
the Antilles
under Mexico
under the Rockies to
Alaska!
hits to the West,
Kamchatka and
down Japan from the Kuriles
out to sea (Phillipines)
branching down the coast by Rkukyu
Isles
joining up again
off Indonesia
cutting West,
through New Guinea
round Australia, New Zealand and
here again,
Erebus and Terror.

The burning hell mouth opens to the night.

***

RIDING BACK

In the Horror Faces places of the body,
palaces, one cannot walk invisible,
is known to thrones and dominoes, nomarchs of the mirror,
hot skulls pondering the passages,
while through blue rock veins their coarse messages of pleasure run.

Those early rhymes return. Kali listening.

Rainbow black me children' s bodies in the senses of their mothers
who bear and bear themselves and shimmer in the forest.

Attention: "Five footprints of the Camel" :
so red Miami doom voice phones to tell me, at 18 I should have
been where I now am.

Home and am and Om. In other days

Innocence availed itself of sweet confusion
as jewels poured the light about her neck,
morning finery.

Home is where she is who makes the sun bedeck the day,
love that leads all fear away,
crooning, crooning.

Don' t get over it,
nor should,

rhythms like of natural orders that do exist as we develop us

(and childhood knew piano sharps and flats,
to be cancelled by the natural, returning to a key

as if analogy were so.

Kali dances, but what matters is that we can wear her necklaces

without real blame, because the blame is somewhere else,

in the midden, behind the pleasure dome.

The day evens into Mahler' s sleep
and we are made anew.

***

MECHANICAL KALI CLOCK FORTUNA MUSIC SUTRA

From Mahler to Mozart is to forward go,

on the wheel of the vegetable clock that used to be at Trinity

now in the Public Garden,

where she stands beside me as I remember sailors,
uttering benison night words of long black hair.

Utterance of love, that I may ne' er forget the earthly happenings
in dreams of water.

Springtime was a crop,
flowers of manhood rising in the blue,
and I came in from Cambridge,
meaning to come beside myself,
paratactic troopers' revelry,
the days we were!

O Fortuna,
we honor the dying by odors of confusion,
profusion of our clement colors,
as never they forgive unless we do.

These are scarves of being
we wind about our necks,
comforts

when the winter comes,
a snowy night not lacking in excitement.

What is meant is never tricky, unlike tricks of youth that honor Kali,

tricks in the garden, under bridges,
pulsing in our happy palms,
tricks delicious to the mother as she sees the boys go down,

but finally comes the untricked god who gives what we could only have forever, because its theft was only trickery.

And Kali goes on dancing on recumbent Mercury.

***

(RIDING BACK and MECHANICAL KALI are from a long poem, THE MILK OF THE STARS FROM HER PAPS)

CHARLES OLSON: THREE POEMS

That there was a woman in Gloucester, Massachusetts whose
father was a Beothuk "Red" Indian (her mother was
a Micmac.

And that this was in 1828 and that she remembered
traveling in a "canoe" which had the full forepart
of itself covered sufficiently to enclose all the
children as well as household goods and dogs
(like a wicki-up but larger, in the sense that the women too
were inside this forecastle

So that we have here an instance of the Pleistocene
'boat' as such -- the Biscay shallop of another
age literally en place in Gloucester, Massachusetts
-- and probably not even far from Biskie Island, that
Speck interviewed this woman

Who was able to give this evidence because
her father had been, and one has
a picture of some such 'boat'
both from Newfoundland and

from the painted cave of Castillo
at Biscay

***

('LX VIII)

*

Added to
making a Republic
in gloom on Watchhouse
Point

an actual earth of value to
construct one, from rhythm to
image, and image is knowing, and
knowing, Confucius says, brings one
to the goal: nothing is possible without
doing it. It is where the test lies, malgre
all the thought and all the pell-mell of
proposing it. Or thinking it out or living it
ahead of time.

Reading about my world,
March 6th, 1968

***

Wholly absorbed
into my own conduits to
an inner nature or subterranean lake
the depths or bounds of which I more and more
explore and know more
of, in that sense that other than that all else
closes out and I tend further to fall into
the Beloved Lake and I am blinder from

spending time as insistently in and on
this personal preserve from which
what I do do emerges more well-known than
other ways and other outside places which
don' t give as much and distract me from

keeping my attentions as clear

***

"Additions", March 1968 -- 2

CHARLES OLSON

CHRISTINE LA BELLE: TEN POEMS

I watch
for the sun
as fully
expectant
the earth
accepts
the rain

***

Spring---
and the last white flower
fades from the blue stem of the mountain

***

no shadow is cast
then coming in from the sun
I find the house dark

***

In the face of the full moon

the morning glory closes its door.

***

The tree said
stay.

I stayed.

The tree said
go.

I went.

The tree said
come.

I come.

The tree said

***

you will come today
tomorrow
I hold a wet finger
to the wind

***

i open
the

door to
spit

a mockery
in

that space
my

mouth is
dry.

***

hold me
not
these tools
a shape
is
worked into
and
above all
say
you know
it' s just
too damned
beauti-
-ful.

***

After sunset

I wonder what color

the birds' heads are

***

wander me lonely
in last chance
wind
give me half
the faded
thistle
blown where scattered
to know
return
and gently
circle
a tree
its leaning.

***

CLAYTON ESHLEMAN: THE BEDFORD VISION

And saw
Taurus in the field,
grazing, enormous neck
bowed, red hair
brilliant in stillness

She moved along the limits of the poem
handling her balances, Libra,
along the
meadow where he grazed
knowing pretending he did
not know, red eye

stealthy out the rim
  on which she moved
as a woman moves seated
on the back of the bull
He walks on water

and she looked across the meadow
at him, tenderly
 was his shepherdess
angrily beyond the edge
for there was a culvert
in which she saw Lust
with his beautiful Sirens
cavort, in curious grey color
they were mucked, pawed
in dark blood-colored frenzy
Thinking
  this should be the work
of the bull,
  who saw her thru his curls
sweated, not clearly, but as a figure
at the meadow' s limit, gnawing
grass, sweating, the hardness

of his pizzle, but sweating
in place over the daily labor
She moved thru his mind
thru rooms of a house
as he was bent over,
surviving.

And many gelded ponys
came up to her, nuzzled her
with their manes of treasures,

and in my vision I saw both
collapse into one, I saw I had
put them there in my vision
separate out of the fear aroused
in me for him. For I saw her
in her house, with the shreds
of the meadow in her hair,
standing in the sunlit doorway
with her balance
it weighed
not in his favor
it weighed

in her hand, and what she felt
was
her weight, that she
was the weight of her own
vision
And I saw her cross
that curious little stream
that runs outside the limits of
the known world,
for each man
each woman such stream is different
I saw her step
gingerly into the deeper grass inhabited
by the gelded ponys, one slipped a picture
on her balance
it read: you are eternal woman
the scale began to sink

(for all mental pictures
have weight)
frantically she looked to
Taurus for a lock of hair
any sign to restore balance.
Taurus was in heat of
the sun' s labor
my vision tried to deepen
turquoise
tried to cast him in a field
of azure stars
to see his eternal form
magnificent, tawny red
in isolation from the flock,

this was in earthly terms
to divide Michael Heller from his wife,
but then Taurus raised his
head, he raised his head
in the voice of my friend the
bull spoke to me:
"Go with thy vision! I
am only not looking
when I appear to suffer
at labor over the grass. I
know the destiny of Doris
she is a spirit inhabiting
a wayward female form,
I desire her spirit to
be free --- this is my love
for her, this is how
my spirit converses with hers.
I see these ponys suitors
in Odysseus house, I know
that as we confront more
games shift. I have
pretended to need a shep-
herdess, what a lovely game
it was! to be stroked & cared
for by a portion of her eternal
woman. Now as she comes
in all her strength to confront

her spirit, so will I go
with that river
  in cooperation with the seasons"

And suddenly I saw my
friend beside himself
but guided by his knowingness,
I saw him walking by his bull,
leading Taurus to slaughter
singing gaily like a fool
as Taurus in great pride
                & beauty
moved into the limits of the
poem ---

  Doris looked up from
her Balance. It was
midday in the dream
that she was free,
  the scales were weighted
no longer did they equal out
& tho what were now
similarities & discrepancies
ached, like muscles,
she knew it was in the not
adding up her freedom began,
with this awareness the little
room on Bedford rose, it

lifted & lo, there was the
field in which a maiden
very shy was joined by my
humble vision to Taurus,
she gazed at him with
  no semblance of Michael
    the bull looked to her
  with no need of Doris,
a simple compassion
    passed, a no-blame,
the sky deepened, it deepened
turquoise & vibrated

pure light blue
& the rose, the lark, all
stood deep in the wildflower
of the imagination
in the strength of Cancer
in the majesty of Gemini
fire rising
July 12 - 13, 1968
New York

***

TEST OF TRANSLATION VII:
A passage from Brecht's Mother Courage

Version 1) tr. by Eric Bentley, The Modern Theater, vol. ii, Doubleday Anchor Book, 1955

Scene I (the Swedish recruting officer has just complained to the sargeant that the men he signs up take any opportunity to escape. He can't trust a man's word any more.)

SERGEANT: What they could use round here is a good war. What else can you expect with peace running wild all over the place? You know what the trouble with peace is? No organization. When do you get organization? In a war. Peace is one big waste of equipment. Anything goes, no one gives a damn. See the way they eat? Cheese on rye, bacon on the cheese? Disgusting! How many horses they got in this town? How many young men? Nobody knows! They haven't bothered to count 'em!! That's peace for you!!! I been in places where they haven't had a war in seventy years and you know what? The people can't remember their own names! They don't know who they are! It takes a war to fix all that. In a war everyone registers, everybody's name's on a list, their shoes are stacked, their corn's in the bag, you count it all up-- cattle, men, et cetera --and take it away! Yeah, that's the story -- no organization, no war.

OFFICER: It's the God's truth.

SERGEANT: Course, a war's like every real good deal, hard to get going. But when it's on the road it's a pisser --everybody's scared of peace --like a crapshooter that keeps fading to cover his loss. Course, until it gets going, they're just as scared of war -- afraid to try anything new.

OFFICER: Look, a wagon! Two women and a couple of young punks. Stop the old lady, Sergeant. And if there's nothing doing this time, you won't catch me freezing my ass in the April wind!

MOTHER COURAGE (entering with her three children as in the prologue): Good day to you, Sergeant!

SERGEANT (barring the way): Good day! Who do you think you are?

MOTHER COURAGE: Tradespeople! (She prepares to go)
SERGEANT: Halt! Where are you riffraff from?
EILIF: The Second Protestant Regiment.(5)
SERGEANT: Where are your papers?
MOTHER COURAGE: Papers?
SWISS CHEESE: But this is Mother Courage!
SERGEANT: Never heard of her. Where' d she get a name like that?
MOTHER COURAGE: They call me Mother Courage because I was afraid I' d be ruined, so I drove through the bombardement of Riga like a madwoman, with fifty loaves of bread in my cart. They were getting moldy, I couldn' t please myself.
SERGEANT: No funny business! Where are your papers?
MOTHER COURAGE (rummaging among a mass of papers in a tin box, and clambering down from her cart): Here, Sergeant! Here' s a whole Bible(6) I got in Altotting to wrap cucumbers in, and a map of Moravia, God knows if I' ll ever get there, it' s good enough for the cat if I don' t.(7) And here' s a document to say my horse hasn' t got hoof and mouth disease; too bad he died on us, he cost fifteen gilders, thank God I didn' t pay it. Is that enough paper?
SERGEANT: Are you making a pass at me?(8) Well, you got another guess coming. You got to have a license and you know it.
MOTHER COURAGE: Show a little respect for a lady and don' t go telling these grown(9) children of mine I' m making a pass at you, it' s not proper, what would I want with you?(10)

Version 2) tr. by Rosemarie Waldrop

SERGEANT: You can tell there hasn' t been a war for a long time. How do you expect them to know what' s moral. Peace is a big mess. There' s only law and order while there' s war. In peacetime people just go wild. They muck around with livestock and with manpower as if it was nothing. They eat whatever they feel like: a big hunk of cheese on their bread and a slice of bacon on top of the cheese. Nobody knows how many young men and good horses there are in this town. They haven' t counted them. I' ve been in places where there hadn' t been a war in maybe seventy years. The people there didn' t even have names yet. They didn' t know who they were. It' s only when you have got a war you get orderly lists and

rolls. Shoes are stacked up and the corn put in sacks, and the men and cattle counted neatly and put away. Because it goes without saying: no order, no war.

OFFICER: How right you are.

SERGEANT: Like everything that' s really good, a war' s hard to get started. But once you get it going, it' ll last. Then people are scared of peace like a gambler' s afraid of quitting. Because then they have to count up what they' ve lost. But at the beginning it' s different, then they' re scared of war. Just because it' s something new.

OFFICER: Hey, there' s a cart coming. Two women and two young guys. Stop the old woman, sergeant. And if there' s nothing doing this time I' m sure not going to stand here any longer in this April wind.

MOTHER COURAGE: Good morning, Sergeant.

SERGEANT: Good morning. Who are you?

MOTHER COURAGE: Tradespeople.

SERGEANT: Halt. Where do you belong, riffraff?

OLDER SON: The Second Finish Regiment.

SERGEANT: Where are your papers?

MOTHER COURAGE: Papers?

YOUNGER SON: But this is Mother Courage.

SERGEANT: Never heard of her. Why' s she called Courage?

MOTHER COURAGE: I' m called Courage because I was afraid of being ruined, Sergeant. I drove through the firing at Riga with fifty loaves of bread in my cart. They were starting to mold. Time was up. I had no choice.

SERGEANT: Stop kidding me. Where are your papers?

MOTHER COURAGE: (rummaging among a mass of papers in a tin box and climbing down from her cart): Here, Sergeant. There' s a whole missal among them, from Altotting. I use it to wrap pickles. And a map from Moravia. God knows if I' ll ever get there, otherwise it' s just so much money down the drain. And here you have a certificate that my horse doesn' t have hoof and mouth disease. Pity he died on me, cost fifteen gilders too, but not my money thank God. Is that enough paper for you?

SERGEANT: You trying to pull my leg? I' ll show you. You know you got to have a licence.

COURAGE: Talk more decently to an honest woman. And don' t tell my half-grown children that I' m trying to pull your leg. It' s not proper. There' s nothing between you and me...

COMMENT:

I find Bentley's tone irritating. Too much in the "aw c'mon let's jazz it up" line. But even if you don't mind that--there's no excuse for his sloppiness, his insensitivity to tone, his blurring of relationships.

1) The Sergeant is making a point about war as a moral good. This is lost in Bentley because organization doesn't have ethical overtones and the word moral is left out.

2) Mother Courage will talk about war in business terms, as a deal. For the Sergeant it's out of character; cf. 1)

3) The image and its point are destroyed.

4) The taunting tone isn't there in Brecht; it's too early for it.

5) & 6) There was no such thing as a Second Protestant Regiment. This would be alright except that Bentley immediately afterwards messes up the passage that makes the religious parties clear: It's a missal Mother Courage has among her things, incriminating evidence in Protestant Sweden. So she smoothes things over by declaring it wrapping paper. What does Mr. Bentley imagine a good Protestant would think of the Bible being used that way?

7) & 8) Idioms not recognized. 8) is more serious because it changes the relation between the figures. Brecht has Courage twist the Sergeant's straight remark to put him in the wrong and get him off the licence question. In Bentley, either the Sergeant makes a senseless remark or Courage makes a pass at him, which is ridiculous.

9) If the children were grown there would be no sense in her fake indignation. Besides, consistency: Courage insists they are babies and two young for the army.

10) Tonally wrong. Mother Courage neither plays it sexy nor is her position strong enough to put the Sergeant down.

This is what happens on just a couple of pages of dialogue. It's the songs, however, that suffer most. And that's disastrous since they so much set the tone. Bentley's versions are stilted, full of inversions. He does anything for a rhyme, even transform love from an irresistable power into a heavenly dove. Let me quote just one stanza. Mother Courage has just claimed that war at least feeds you better than peace. Now she sings:

So cheer up boys, the rose is fading
When victory comes you may be dead
A war is just the same as trading
But not with cheese--with steel instead

The fading rose with all its sentimental overtones is courtesy of Eric

Bentley. Brecht' s first two lines go this way:

And if you aren' t up to it, that' s tough
You won' t get in on the victory

An anecdote to end with. Mr. Bentley is reported to have wandered into a Lincoln Center rehearsal of The Caucasian Chalk Circle. Asked by an actor who he was, he answered: "I' m the author."

--Rosmarie Waldrop

***

JACKSON MAC LOW: TWO POEMS

Gibraltar

GATE ROAD,

IT IS AN OFFENCE TO ENCOURAGE
THE ROCK APES TO COME DOWN
FROM THE UPPER ROCK OR TO FEED
THEM AT ANY PLACE OTHER THAN
THE QUEEN' S GATE ROAD,

BETWEEN
THE AERIAL STANDARD AND THE
QUEEN' S GATE OR AT QUEEN' S GATE,

ROCK APES TO COME DOWN
FROM THE UPPER ROCK
OR TO FEED
THEM AT ANY PLACE
OTHER THAN
THE QUEEN' S GATE ROAD,

ARE WARNED THAT
UNDER THE PROVISIONS
OF PARA-
GRAPH (35) OF
SECTION 3
OF
THE
SUMMARY CONVICTION
ORDINANCE
IT IS AN OFFENCE
TO ENCOURAGE
THE ROCK APES TO
COME DOWN
FROM THE UPPER

ROCK OR TO
FEED
THEM AT ANY PLACE
OTHER THAN
THE QUEEN' S GATE
ROAD,

LIABLE
TO A PENALTY
NOT EX-
C EED-
ING
£ 10.

THE PUBLIC
ARE WARNED THAT
UNDER THE PROVISIONS OF PARA-
GRAPH (35) OF SECTION 3 OF THE
SUMMARY CONVICTION ORDINANCE
IT IS AN OFFENCE TO ENCOURAGE
THE ROCK APES TO COME DOWN
FROM THE UPPER ROCK OR TO FEED
THEM AT ANY PLACE OTHER THAN
THE QUEEN' S GATE ROAD,

AERIAL
STANDARD AND THE
QUEEN' S GATE OR AT QUEEN' S GATE,

ROCK APES TO COME DOWN
FROM THE UPPER ROCK OR
TO FEED
THEM AT ANY PLACE OTHER
THAN
THE QUEEN' S GATE ROAD,

***

(Source: Sign in front of Governor' s Res-
idence in Gibraltar, quoted by Alastair
Reed in his article on the colony, "Our
Far-Flung Correspondents, Aunt Gibral-
tar," New Yorker, 8/19/61. p. 64)

NIGHT WALK

for VBW

I

ms/ppp standing halflight 41

vs/p water woman silence 7
s/ppp two o' clock friends
vr/ppp cold hills 6
vs/mp twigs darkness talking 49

mr/p needing meaning memory 3
m/mf meaning finding 2
r/mp hair two o' clock 7
ms/mp man teeth revealing 24

m/p slipping learning finding 4
vvs/p air fingers 2
r/p touching freezing 2
vvr/ppp trees sky hearing 19

s/p standing quiet 51

ms/p peace sweaters freezing 9
vs/p feeling dimness 9
vvs/mp fingers resting 4
vs/pp lips memory cheeks 107

II

vs/pp air 6
ms/p happiness ease silence sweetness needing halflight 9
mr/pp delight walking needing 7
vr/p standing ease 1
r/pp darkness quiet streamsound darkness remembering teeth 33

ms/mp warming warming warming water clothing clasping stars revealing bears 5
vvs/p dimness sky needing dark 5

s/mp sweetness wondering wondering hugging finding resting bodies clothing woman pointing 9
s/mp knowing woman grey being delight 5
vvs/ppp water hearing hearing quiet pockets kissing memory 7
vr/ppp sky night seeing black looking memory wondering revealing attention eyes 41

vvs/mf morning wet grey looking lips dimness tongues hugging grey 7
ms/mf wet sweaters kisses man 1
vvs/p eyelids stories loving streamsound knowing ease bodies halflight meaning tongues 10
vvr/pp hairsmell light hairsmell eyelids peace 2
vs/ppp ease water liking warming attention bears eyebrows 7
vvr/pp ice listening white foreheads kissing thankfulness evening touching walking sliding 54

vr/p seeing night touching pointing white listening talking cheeks desiring 6
vvs/p touching liking morning eyebrows 7
mr/pp clouds memory being sweetness pointing white streamsound one o' clock light cheeks 3
r/mp sweetness one o' clock dimness feeling kissing 1
r/p sweetness coats dimness ease quiet hands hugging 4
m/ppp meaning constellations touching sliding pointing bodies memory liking peacefulness finding 91

mr/mf clouds 1
s/p hearing warmth starlight ice coats talking 8
vvs/ppp constellations freezing peacefulness 8
r/pp white sky 4
ms/pp ice eyes bodies remembering clothing constellations 60

vvs/mf thankfulness loving happiness grey talking needing telling happiness ice 8
ms/mf white hairsmell starlight thankfulness 8
vvs/p dimness knowing learning learning slipping foreheads resting black sweaters teeth 2
vs/pp resting light touching needing hugging 1
vs/ppp white sky foreheads walking stories noses two o' clock 1
s/mp looking ease night walking loving friends eyebrows sky freezing foreheads 158

mr/mf coats twigs being tongues revealing 3
vvr/mp silence walking coats bodies delight learning man 1
s/p clouds meaning noses 7
mr/f attention delight feeling foreheads light halflight night hearing two o' clock eyebrows 6
r/mf sweetness teeth 3
m/pp foreheads happiness revealing 47

r/pp stories eyebrows clouds dark hairsmell standing revealing black dark 2
vr/mp kisses 8
vvr/mp telling 4
vvs/pp finding dimness 5
vvs/f cold coats desiring clothing three o' clock evening clothing feeling 9
r/f sky cold learning clouds trees desiring touching memory clasping 42

m/p kisses black delight wondering desiring freezing bodies listening learning 9
ms/p light 10
vvr/mp clothing 4
vvr/mp sliding dimness 10
vr/f pointing dark looking cold hearing stars streamsound white 9
vr/f clasping knowing sweaters fingers quiet meaning revealing being silence 21

r/f hugging needing sweetness loving halflight ice dimness ice streamsound 9
vs/mf warming 7
s/f kissing 5
vvs/pp friends kisses 6
mr/mp sky resting tongues trees being eyes hugging air 1
vr/f eyebrows talking man hearing coats hearing coats hearing peace 52

m/f walking pockets delight eyelids dimness 10
r/p slipping being eyes lips resting night being 10
vvs/p liking talking kisses
m/mf grey meaning tongues memory warmth trees attention

warmth touching needing 8
ms/mp feeling listening 8
r/f bodies three o' clock man 48

vr/pp noses starlight tongues noses cheeks darkness wonder three o' clock sliding 9
mr/pp delight 2
vs/pp clasping 4
mr/pp trees pockets 5
vs/pp revealing trees listening trees trees teeth stories black 1
vr/p being friends clothing hairsmell light hairsmell telling eyes clasping 141

IV

vvs/mf clouds man delight listening looking eyebrows telling memory warmth 5
ms/mf revealing cheeks woman cold 1
vvs/mp kissing streamsound touching white listening halflight learning eyebrows coats 5
vr/pp smiling sweaters wet cheeks cold looking friends listening darkness 8
m/mf warmth sky water 6
m/pp stars lips 5
s/mp telling trees slipping stars talking evening three o' clock black meaning 3
vs/mp water dimness 9
r/pp revealing talking 53

mr/pp being fingers pointing twigs light eyebrows smiling seeing 9
mr/pp cheeks kisses cheeks walking 6
mr/p feeling lips 3
mr/p hairsmell listening hairsmell tongues noses pockets sky hearing darkness 5
m/ppp touching coats looking white sky teeth stories memory kissing 10
r/mf stories halflight dimness white wonder resting friends darkness clothing noses 5
vr/pp touching air slipping hands 4
s/pp pointing twigs hair constellations lips dimness delight bodies 50

vs/pp tooth lips sky hands light sky sky hair 9
s/pp silence looking eyelids eyelids 8
vvs/ppp peacefulness night 5
vvr/pp night hearing halflight smiling constellations standing streamsound silence wet 5
mr/mp walking bears one o' clock foreheads delight hands slipping meaning light 5
m/mp sky peace gray thankfulness trees ice friends streamsound peacefulness delight 1
vr/mp loving meaning sky pockets 9
vr/p trees light hand pockets slipping thankfulness water needing 32

ms/p liking teeth hands bodies wondering constellations listening peace 9
m/mf water ice eyes evening 6
vr/mf clothing attention 4
ms/p three o' clock hands knowing hair clouds learning tongues twigs sweaters 9
vr/p attention sliding thankfulness friends stars coats warmth peacefulness bears 3
m/mp quiet lips talking cheeks touching starlight seeing morning resting fingers 8
vvs/mf kissing talking stories smiling 5
mr/mp sweaters looking delight ease morning trees ease kisses 42

vvr/mp wonder cheeks touching peacefulness seeing revealing halflight memory revealing 3
vs/ppp man wet sweetness stars 5
vvr/mp dimness remembering dimness kissing noses hands clothing kisses silence 6
s/mf resting black revealing hearing kissing darkness snow warming peacefulness 8
vvr/mp gray man resting 4
m/mp looking loving 1
s/p teeth lips standing hugging dark starlight smiling tongues memory 4
vvs/ppp ease wondering 2
vr/ppp kisses constellations 49

vvs/p delight evening evening warmth freezing revealing star-

light ice 4

vr/p sliding meaning standing coats 10

m/mp twigs dark 1

s/pp woman lips grey eyes memory remembering finding telling clothing 1

m/mp sweetness eyebrows teeth hairsmell evening streamsound hands night dimness 2

vvr/pp finding being constellations darkness hugging darkness wet listening sliding smiling 1

s/mp smiling lips constellations listening 1

s/p hugging walking grey telling friends bodies thankfulness clasping 126

***

Reading Directions for NIGHT WALK

Each line of NIGHT WALK is preceded by indications regulating the degree of rapidity and loudness with which it is to be read and is followed by a number indicating the length of the silence following the line. The readers are free, within certain limits, to set the meaning of the levels of rapidity and loudness and the length of the standard count or "second" of silence, but these meanings must be followed consistently throughout a reading of the poem.

1. Rapidity

There are 9 levels of rapidity in the poem: Very Very Slow (vvs), Very Slow (vs), Slow (s), Moderately Slow (ms), Moderate (m), Moderately Rapid (mr), Rapid (r), Very Rapid (vr), and Very Very Rapid (vvr).

The readers should always try to make the words as intelligible as possible. Therefore, altho they are free to set the rapidity levels, they should not make vvr a rate of reading so rapid that the words are rendered unintelligible. The author finds it possible to read a typical 10-word line of this poem in 3 seconds. Probably some readers can do so in 2 seconds, but certainly not much less than that. The following is a suggested (not mandatory) gamut of rapidities:

	vvs	vs	ss	ms	m	mr	r	vr	vvr
seconds	11	10	9	8	7	6	5	4	3

Some readers will, however, want to make the spaces between the rates greater and shd feel free to do so. Thus, a reader who can read 10 words intelligibly in 2 seconds might use the gamut:

	vvs	vs	s	ms	m	mr	r	vr	vvr
seconds	18	16	14	12	10	8	6	4	2

Or, a reader with a vvr rate of 10 wds. in 3" wd possibly use:

	vvs	vs	s	ms	m	mr	r	vr	vvr
seconds	15	13½	12	10½	9	7½	6	4½	3

Any such gamut is permissible.

2. Loudness

There are 5 levels of loudness in each section of NIGHT WALK. In Sections I, II, and IV, these levels are: Very Very Soft (ppp), Very Soft (pp), Soft (p), Moderately Soft (mp), and Moderately Loud (mf).

In Section III, Very Very Soft (ppp) is dropped from the bottom of the loudness scale and Loud (f) is added at the top.

As with the rapidity-levels, the exact values of these loudness levels are to be determined by the readers, but each reader shd be consistent in keeping his reading at the values he' s decided on for these levels throughout a performance.

3. Silences

At the end of each line there is a figure or group of figures indicating the number of seconds of silence which shd follow that line. All lines ending within stanzas are followed by silences of from 1 to 10 seconds. (1"-10") All lines at the ends of stanzas but not at the end of a section are followed by silences of from 11 to 70 seconds (11"-1' 10"). All lines at the ends of sections are followed by silences of from 71 to 180 seconds (1' 11"-3' 0"). In a group reading of several parts made from this (of which the present version wd be one of the parts) it is best that these seconds of silence really be seconds. In a solo reading, the "seconds" may be each reduced in length, but such a reduction must be consistent throughout any one reading. Thus, if each "second" is reduced actually to 1/2", silences of 5 "seconds" shd last 21/2", silences of 53 "seconds" shd last 261/2", &c.

4. Word Grouping -- Punctuation -- Pauses within Lines

The lines of NIGHT WALK are unpunctuated in order that readers may freely group the words within them in any ways they see

fit. The attempt shd be made, however, to group words, and not merely to read single words mechanically throughout the poem. Some such mechanical reading may be found desirable here & there, and many words will probably have to be read alone (i.e., as if they formed rhetorical sentences of their own, like "Night."). Pauses may be made within lines in accordance with the groupings chosen, but each such pause must last less than a second. Where the standard "second" used for silences (as in some solo readings) is of shorter duration than a clock second, pauses within lines must be shorter than the standard "second" used.

II. Structure

NIGHT WALK consists of 4 sections, each of which consists of 6 stanzas. In each section the stanzas are of 2 different forms which alternate abbbab. The 2 different stanza forms are different in each section.

A line is defined as a group of 1 to 10 successive words followed by a silence of 1 to 10 seconds (1"-10"). In three cases, "one o' clock," "two o' clock", and "three o' clock", a group of words functions and is counted prosodically as one word.

A stanza is defined as a group of 1 to 10 lines followed by a silence of from 11 to 70 seconds (11"-1' 10").

A Section is defined as a group of 6 stanzas of 2 different forms, alternating abbab, which is followed by a silence of from 71 to 180 seconds (1' 11"-3' 0").

The actual structures of the Sections of NIGHT WALK are as follows. Roman numerals indicate Section numbers, arabic numerals indicate the number of words in each line (0' s indicate 10-word lines), transversals indicate stanza breaks, double transversals indicate Section breaks:

I: 2/3223/3223/3223/2/3223//
II: 16326/940570/940570/940570/16326/940570//
III: 573023/911289/911289/911289/573023/911289//
IV: 949932922/84299048/84299048/84299048/949932922/
84299048///

III. Vocabulary and Meaning Groups

The words in NIGHT WALK are all taken from a list of 100, representing objects, actions, and states of mind remembered as having figured in an actual situation. All of the words may function as nouns i.e., be subjects or objects of sentences. Most of them may function as verbs, or adjectives, or either verbs or adjectives.

Thus, the word "looking" may be taken as a gerund, and thus a noun, or as a present participle with either its verbal function emphasized or its adjectival function. The word "coats" may be taken as either a plural noun in either the subjective or the objective case, or as a singular or plural noun in the possessive case, or a verb in the 3ed person singular of the present tense. The words "streamsound" and "ease" may function as singular nouns or as verbs in the 3ed person plural of the present tense.

Thus, in presenting the words in each line with no punctuation, the maximum of ambiguity is preserved, & the reader has the opportunity of forming any number of different groups of words, often with widely different meanings. Thus, "darkness quiet streamsound darkness remembering teeth" may be taken as a series of single words, each denoting a separate situation of aspect of a situation; or as "Darkness. Quiet streamsound. Darkness remembering teeth."; or as "Darkness quiet. Streamsound darkness. Remembering teeth."; or as "Darkness, quiet streamsound darkness: remembering teeth." or in any one of a number of other ways. "three o' clock hands knowing hair clouds learning tongues twigs sweaters" may be read as one sentence: "Three o' clock hands knowing hair clouds, learning tongues, twigs, sweaters." or as "Three o' clock. Hands knowing hair, clouds learning tongues, twigs (learning) sweaters." or in any one of a number of other ways.

Readers may want to punctuate their lines for a particular performance or leave them unpunctuated and make the decision as to groupings during the course of the reading. Either method is permissible, the 2nd more appealing.

***

NEIL MYERS: FIVE POEMS

APPLES

i love you
what words
can say it
forget it soon

the body disposes
banalities
comfortless as angels
& violent

the reposed granite
swinging for ages
the tone
the river edge stunned

by curtains of blackbirds
my eye my tongue
stop confused
nursing these trees

from roads & cold forests
to call gently
from another winter
spring

out of the sand
a bodiless
perch for singing
in which no one will part us

one from the other
the storm from the shaking
thunder from children terrified

they will come to it too

their own answers
hidden under these bridges
we are our own gardens
& the icefloes that fall

***

love hate
begin from the same
dismay

a breath of solitude
the countries
that fall apart

in a wanton breaking
of pairs
we should fall

further
in the sweet act
of lesion

the fingers loosening
the legs awake
moving

the eyes
bigger than nights
nipples chest

for a last clearing
of tedious loss
love must carry

its own abuse

***

wall of remote
heights & bends
of listless fields

turn savagely
to the river
where the trees

snap in the snow
a bird watches
the frozen mice

deer
i am sick
of talking about

vietnam
these bridges:
stringent iron

under which
the prints
of huge birds

that flew off
in september
following

the riverchain
to return as
blackbirds

stunning the trees
incredible demons
voyages

i am your mind
frozen but
the smallest

bloom may rouse

***

FOR RACHEL

anger what good
the flower is angrier than i am
so is the blood
that rights & jerks in the ground
when i slice it with my rake
my daughter following
pulling crocus flowers
off the flagstone where the sudden freeze
left them

***

BEGINNING

must i
be starved into it

words fit nowhere
i take them
one by one
& plug my nose

they drop slowly out
rhythmic count them
their masses bring
no awakening
humming
i take back
everything i have said
everything
i take back
& plunge into the bright
sky where we
never were
never will be

it radiates
across my snout
i am no mole
to escape
but we are all diggers
& breathe
at the buggery overhead
letting no sound
drop
watchman
the night
the plane moves further
into the rim of light
the surrounding darkness
pursues
daphnis
sorrows
the pure bright ring
of burnished sound

at last
i awake
the words strike
softly up
& breathe
leniently

***

ARMAND SCHWERNER: SPEECH FOR LEROI

in memory of my cousin Mickey

common cause
common cause
come come come come
remission of sins is not in question
Jefferson is not in question
fear is in question 10:30 is in question hunger is in question
all uncommon come to the anxiety fair
common sauce reasons of soup and meat and terrible
anger and the noose of news
like wolves' jaws
tightening
at our throats,
friends laugh
in metal
in ropes
in distrust
to make common
cause with the time nothing
is enough or quite right, all activity forgets
ends in the exercise of being, absolutes
leap into usefulness to comfort the grave-
diggers.
The coolest is the most obsessed and the ownership
of souls gets a new monthly patent.
We live,
think of it, establishing
nourishment from solid
anger,
that is left,
like stalking wolves toward a mirage,
and we stand
a little too straight.
Yes I live
in a dark time, belief in the poem

requires a major transplant every morning, I imagine
on my cheek, on my cornea, behind
my knee connective tissue hardening
in death, simple local answers
to the pressures in the body of the world,
come
belief, passion
come, come
sweet poem, or sour, or
broken is best
and with holes
but come
common in some cause, come in, come,
saving of rhetoric.
To come sweetly
is evidence of the body' s peace, to come is brief
to wait needful but we
live triply in Bedlam, broken
by the rapes of professional victims, broken
under the hot weight
of our victories.
The volcanic ground
of action shifts, the detached
man with the violent man taken, participation
no longer an act of will
the lava
chooses at random Pompei or Herculaneum.
If you took the road
through my cranial suture, through the dura matter,
find an allegorical fool,
grinning
with the virtue of rape and truth, fat
and sated by too much time passing too fast, the right arm
paralysed, and the left waving the pennant waving
the pennant of poetry.
Mickey I think of you, I think you
into my body,
jelly tissue beginnings soft parts
in the loam of a dam between Philadelphia and Meridian
I think about reasons for getting up mornings
and the commonness of tissue
and the violence of gravediggers and the violence
of my wish for an end

***

VALA:

Some woman
Somewhere
Who almost
    Nobody knows
Knows more than
    Almost anyone is aware
She must exist
    In small towns
        On unlikely streets
Or next door
        to your memory
Which childhood friend' s mother
            Was she
        Wiser than your own
Some lady that you would recall
    In unfamiliar kitchens making jello
        Or french toast or
            Lazy sweetpotato pies

***

JOHN MCMASTER: THE PRATT INSTITUTE LECTURE

Thank you. Thank you very much. Well it' s very nice to be with you tonight. And as for this business of The Happiest Man in The World, I didn' t give myself that title. I was referred to in an article written two years ago by the press in Toronto as The Happiest Man in The World, and that' s where that came from. However, if you look at it, what is being happy? I think basically it is knowing what you want and being able to achieve it; and, with a corollary, that what you want will not only be better for you but also for everyone who has anything to do with you as well. And so you see, happiness would depend to a large extent on one' s ability to share what one has with everyone that one happens to come in contact. So why Scientology? That' s what I' d really like to talk about and I' d like to tell you a story. At the outset I do not ask you to believe one thing I say, because what is basic in Scientology is that you shall find for yourself the only thing you really have is what you have for yourself, not what someone else has told you. So I don' t ask you to believe me but I hope to give you something of interest because you are the ones who will lead the nation and very likely the world, and you are the ones I would like, in the universities, you people in the universities, that I would like to get--to give as much as I can to. I have been a student, I' ve studied lots of things. I started off as an Engineering student and then I took a degree in Psychology and Political Philosophy, and then Commerce after that. And after I had had my stomach totally removed because it was turning cancerous, I decided in the remaining years of my life, which were few at that time, that I would study medicine. I wanted as much knowledge as I could get so that when it came to this point of dying I would not be confused. I was confronted with this idea that my body was pretty well worn through and was, you know, going to die in a very short number of years. Having to confront this I looked at the whole idea of God, and I thought, there' s no god really who would deny me the right to know what happens when this body dies. Why should I be confused? So I began to work on finding out what the body was all about in the medical world and also looking for something that was going to help me know what this transition was. I realized that I didn' t know even who I was, and then I began to realize that most people didn' t know who they were. If you asked them, "Who are you?", they might say "I am

John McMaster". But you see the truth of it is that I began to find out I am not John McMaster, I am that which animates the body called John McMaster. So I began to find this out more and more and more and what became so real to me is that it was Me and My Body not Me and My Soul. Then when I got this in gradient many wonderful things began to happen for me. You see, how can a president or a prime minister or a king or a queen govern people when it doesn' t know what people are. People are the most treasured commodity that we have in the physical universe and they have been denied the right for many centuries, perhaps thousands of years, to know what they are. We' ve known about Spirit for an awful long time and we' ve known about Body for an awful long time. These things are not new. We have had the religions for thousands of years, and they haven' t done very much to get us out of doing the insane things that we do to each other. What Ron Hubbard has done is to discover the commodity, the Reactive Mind, and this is what has prevented man from integrating in the physical universe, prevented spirit from integrating sanely with the body. Now you' ve got a war. And you look at this. People go off to war and they fight in the name of god and their country and they really think they are fighting for god and they' ve never inspected what god they are fighting for and they never looked at what war really is. And they go off and they come back. The lot that won come back and they think there is victory and glory and triumph. And the millions of aching hearts that have lost the ones with whom they were planning a life ahead. They' ve lost that one. And somehow it' s all mixed up with glory and triumph, like some sort of achievement when it is nothing of the sort. If I talk to you I' m communicating with you; if I touch you I' m communicating with you; if I hit you I' m communicating with you; if I shoot you I' m communicating with you, but you can see how inverted the communication has become. Sort of like disappearing frustration when it gets right down to having to be that solid as to drop bombs, to fire bullets at, to destroy bodies. You look at this and you think, a great nation should still be doing those funny sorts of things? What don' t we know about man that we can still as a great nation go to war to solve a problem? War has never solved any problem ever, it never will. It inverts everything for people. It makes them less than the economic structure even. These are things we need to look at and we won' t find out about that until we find out who we are and just what we are, and get ourselves in gradient. And again I say there is no god who has denied man the right to know man. And if you listen to the prophets, take Jesus for example, what did he do? He stood on the hills of Nazareth and

screamed against false gods. False gods--this is what keeps man from knowing man. Let's have a look how we might have a false god. Remember I don't ask you to believe me, I just ask you to look at what I am saying and see whether there's something there.

Jesus was crucified for his trouble. There were two things there, an overwhelm of the existing mores, putting out too much truth too quickly without acknowledging just what the existing condition was. Then, remember these things that he said. "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall set ye free.... These things I do ye shall do and greater things." But we didn't do the greater things. What went wrong? Well, when truth is attacked, that which attacks truth destroys itself. And you'll see a lovely example there in what happened to Rome. Because after the crucifixion of Jesus the Roman Empire began to fall away. And when there was an attempt to bring the teachings of Jesus to Rome, the people who started off first, many of them were killed for what they did. But Rome was dwindling fast. So something happened. The man who was destroyed was suddenly acknowledged and in being acknowledged, you see, his teachings were taken and used as a political weapon with which to govern and to continue to control people. But what happened there to anyone who opposed it? Look at what the Borgias did, thousands and thousands of people were destroyed for heresy by such people as the Borgias because they didn't accept what they were putting out. But what also went in at that time was the concept of the "flat earth." Now the Egyptians knew the earth was round, but at that particular time the concept of the flat earth was put out, the fires of hell underneath and the heaven up there, and the god who governed that was also then created by the people who wanted to use it as a political weapon and they said: "We are the ones who will tell you what that god says, and you'd better do what that god says. You will have but one life. And if you have not done what he says you will burn forever in the damnation hell fires down there." Now this was terrifying for people, and those who opposed it were killed. And along the line there was a fantastic amount of suppression, a last attempt for these people to maintain the control they had had when it was a great nation, the Empire of Rome, for instance. So there was this tremendous attempt but what happened to the planet? It plunged immediately into the Dark Ages. And man was terrified of being creative. Man was terrified of knowing himself. But, because man is basically that which animates the body, call it spirit or whatever you will, man is that and obviously you cannot suppress unlimited spirit. So what happened. This particular god sitting up there, they had written out all the creed and they said

this god says this is good and that' s bad and you do that and that. But, there was no jurisdiction over the arts and music. And what happened here was man broke free from the Dark Ages in the Renaissance with a tremendous ability to create and said, "look, but I can create, I can make wonderful sounds, I can paint wonderful pictures, I can make marvelous sculpture, I can do magnificent buildings. Look, I can create, I am creative, I am not that little thing down there." So man showed himself to man again, coming out of the Dark Ages through the Renaissance. And at the same time as that you had Galileo saying, but the earth is not flat it is round. And he was immediately slapped into prison as a political prisoner of the church. And he died a very disappointed old man. When he recanted he said, "I have made a mistake, the earth is not round it is flat." And so to save his neck he went back on what he knew to be true. Well, what happened then? Truth moves faster than anything because truth is the only indestructible. So little men in their ships, brave men, sailed over the so-called flat earth end and they didn' t fall into any fire. They found out the earth is round, it' s not flat. And there was so much evidence they could not be destroyed for being heretics anymore. So then the cleft came between science and religion. And the church said, god has nothing to do with that, science is ungodly. So then they were separated and never the twain to meet, supposedly. But if you put man back on source, put man back on source as to what he really is, you find out something. What do you find out? What is the source of science? Some people might say atoms, chemicals or whatever you like--animated mud, inspired mud. But if you really look, the source of science is a man thinking. And it isn' t the meat and the bone does the thinking, it' s that which animates the body does the thinking. And so you get the source of science, and you get the source of religion, and you get the source of anything, and you will find it is that commodity which animates the body. It is SPIRIT. So they all have exactly the same common denominator, and they are all part of life and there is no reason at all why they shouldn' t mingle so that man might know man. Science has helped us tremendously. Sigmund Freud put out to the world the concept of the subconscious mind or the unconscious mind. This was a tremendous breakthrough because man had never known about mind per se until this commodity was discovered. Well, in 1905 when Einstein put out the Theory of Relativity to the world he was considered a 26 year old bumptious upstart for daring to intrude such outrageous theories into the very well organized world of the physicists. It didn' t take very long before they found out that Einstein had something very good to offer the world, something

tremendously good. They began to use it and there was a fantastic breakthrough in the physical sciences. And the physical sciences shot right up there, like that! The mental sciences stagnated. And I' d like to make a point here and you will see that there was no knowledge of the mind put out to man at all and no knowledge of the mind in existence, because in the despair of trying to handle mental illness they had to resort to handling the body, giving the body shock treatment, performing lobotomies, leucotomies; and now finally, the tremendous breakthrough in psychotherapy. The tremendous considered breakthrough is anti-psychosis drugs--again, handling the body, not letting man know anything about that commodity, his mind.

Well, in the theory of relativity, Einstein indicates the relationship between mass and energy or energy and mass and this is a very powerful thing. And Ron Hubbard, he took this, he took all the truth. You see most of the great religions have had truth with them, they' ve had truth somewhere there, all of them. And truth is not an unknown thing to man. So, he took what he could find of truth and he took what he could find of the truth of sciences and he married these two things. Because he said a man thinking generates energy. And this energy has mass. It' s a mental mass. Why has that never been taken into account in the study of man' s mind? Why has this never been put to man so that man may know his mind? Mind is nothing to be terrified about. And maybe when man understands his mind and is no longer afraid of his mind then maybe he' ll find out much more about what he is per se, what he is in totality. So Ron Hubbard, working on this, began with Dianetics. And this proved a tremendous winner as a mental science. He published his book in 1950: DIANETICS The Modern Science of Mental Health. This book helped a tremendous number of people. It became a best seller overnight. And people asked him to start organizations where they could come and get this knowledge and the training to handle themselves and the people in their environment with a sane approach to the mind. And that is getting rid of that mental mass that sits in the electrical field of the body. It' s perfectly obvious that a body has an electrical field because a body is structured of atoms and basically the atom is a tiny little electrical field with protons in the nucleus, the tiniest positive electrical charges. And here' s a nucleus, say, and the shells or orbits surround the nucleus of the atom of which they are the electrons, the tiniest negative electrical charge. The orbits have the same number of protons in the nucleus as electrons or shells around it. So you have then, as basic, a perfectly balanced little electrical field as the thing of which these bodies are structured. So obviously

a body has for itself an electrical field. And each body has this. And there are many things that go around one, many things, that we are not aware of because our eyes can't see many things, our ears can't hear many things. But that doesn't mean to say they don't exist. And you find, for instance, if I had a little portable radio set here now, and I turned it on there would be a sound. A sound would come out of it or a voice. If it was tuned to a station, you'd find a voice or some music or something like this. This has got no wires, it's not attached to anything out there, it's just here and it's portable. And so you find then that something has brought that sound there. It is a wavelength. But that wavelength didn't suddenly appear there because I had the portable radio--it's there all the time. And these things are moving through our bodies and around us the whole time. We needn't be ostriches and say, well, because I am not aware of it it can't possibly be. It is so. And what we need to do is to align our doingness with our awareness, and align our awareness of what we do, you see, with what we do. Like we do many things and we do not know the end result of the things we do. We do many things, and somebody says, but why did you do that? You say, I don't really know. And many many things that people do... you say, why are you having a war? People will give you all sorts of reasons, and they'll go on giving you reasons and reasons and reasons. But they do not basically know why they are having a war and they are not even totally aware of the end product of a war. They suppress out all the looking of that.

Now we have been, over the centuries, so suppressed that we have not been able to look at and see many things in relation to us that would help us to understand ourselves. And there's a tremendously interesting thing happened at Saint Hill in England a couple of years ago. A man from Tokyo, Toshia Kanshu, read the book DIANETICS, and wanted to come to Saint Hill. I wrote and said, "fine, come." And he came and had the various levels of auditing and training. When he became a POWER RELEASE, which is a Grade V Release, he had the most tremendous realization. And this was, he could suddenly see shapes as they were. He didn't see shapes anymore the way he was taught to see them. And as he saw this he realized that through the many hundreds of years of the way the Japanese people were trained, they could only see things the way they were trained to see them. For the first time he was freed enough to be able to see something as it was. And he did not know that before. He could only see the way he was trained to see. I hope I'm getting this point across. Because you will see then that we grow

up with a heritage of being trained, those mores around us. We don' t have to kick the mores in the teeth, we can look at it. But we don' t need to let it hurt us. We can take it and look at it and free ourselves from what is suppressing us. And then you begin to see things. Not only three dimensionally, but from many many more viewpoints. It is like being released from the viewpoints which have been suppressed from you and you begin to find out a tremendous amount of how you are, and what you are.

And so this then is the point of SCIENTOLOGY. And this technology that Ron Hubbard has evolved from that stable platform of marrying science and religion, putting those things there that he knew to be true and working it out. He' s spent years working out this technology. It is only a completed technology --to CLEAR-- two years old. At this time we have well over 1, 200 people on this planet now who are Clear and free from the impact and the aberrated type of behavior that is precipitated by having the Mental Mass there and not knowing about it. You see, what you do not know about, one tends to be afraid of. When the mind becomes something that you know about and easily handle, then you are no longer afraid of it and so you can widen your horizons and become a thousand times more creative.

So here you are, you' re studying architecture, you' re studying art, and you' re studying engineering. All of these things in themselves are creative. But if you know yourself and can create yourself, when you set out on a specified channel to create you will create a thousand times more. Because you are free to create, and you do not have the problems of the unknown, which would be, say, the problem of the Reactive Mind. Now Ron Hubbard called it a reactive mind because that mental mass hanging around the body that was never run out of a particular incident or unfinished thought, that mental mass remaining about the body keeps the being, keeps trying to go back to finish the CYCLE OF ACTION to get rid of the mass that is sitting all around his body. He keeps reverting to that incident, whatever it was. This has been called Stimulus-Response type of behaviour. A certain kind of stimulus occurs and there' s an automatic type of response. But more than that a Being not having finished a Cycle of Action keeps trying to go back. Basically we are very clean and we keep trying to get there, and we haven' t got the tools with which to go back and we don' t know how to get there, we haven' t got a technology that takes us there, we tend to get stuck in it--and this becomes reactive. So we go on doing the same sort of crazy things, reacting, reacting, reacting, without knowing the source of why we are continuing to do these types of things. So if one gets

in alignment with what one is, then with this technology of Scientology, which is here to help Spirit integrate sanely with Body in the Physical Universe. Because as one does it for oneself one is a thousand times more useful to anyone who has anything to do with you. And so they, in their turn, become much more useful and they reach out more and more, and more and more. And so each expands, expands, expands, and there are the whole new horizons.

In relation to being the happiest man in the world, I was very sad about Martin Luther King. It seemed that it was such an unnecesaary and wild type of thing for a sane people to even have around them. And so I listened to all the speeches of the people that day and the whole of that day I watched the people and the funeral service and listened to them talking. I saw hundreds of thousands of people in agreement with this statement, because many of the preachers made it. "But no matter what color we are all the children of god." And I thought to myself, oh of course, but if only you knew what god, get the right god. You have never inspected that god, the right god. There is no god that is true that does not want you to see him. Get the right god, the Supreme Being. Go back and inspect the god of the flat earth and make sure that you have exiled that, just the same way you' ve kicked out the theory of the flat earth--you know it' s not true. But did you kick out everything else that went hand in hand with that. When you think about god are you still collapsed into that or are you free to really see the spirit that really creates all things? Because if you get that straight, we can all be the children of that which creates all things. And the silly barriers of color, of race, or creed, they just fall away, they are no longer barriers. Because there is no god that said these shall be barriers. And I know, because I was born in South Africa. The Bantu and the Zulu people have a tremendous spiritual awareness, but they need help to integrate themselves in the physical universe. When I was born, the Zulus christened me of their own accord, I was too shy to ask them until I was about nine years old what it meant. But they called me "Istanda". And when I asked them eventually why do you call me that they said "it is the one who loves everybody". That was the name they gave me when I was first born, in this body. I loved them tremendously. They were a very easy people with a tremendous spiritual awareness. I think if you look at people who were brought here from Africa, you will find that they too have a tremendous spiritual awareness. And so have we. And what we want to get across then is something, some tool, some technology, by which spirit can learn to integrate with elegance in the physical universe, not destructively.

Now I am not saying Scientology is the only thing. But it is the only way I have found.

I was on a TV show recently, being interviewed by a journalist, in Toronto. And he was going to tear Ron Hubbard and Scientology to shreds. He didn't know anything about it but he thought it was his prerogative to tear this to shreds, you see. So I asked him, why did you ask me to come on this show? Did you want people to know about Scientology or did you want to publicly destroy it and destroy Ron Hubbard. So, he said, no, no, and he went on to another question. And then he said, "What has Scientology done for you?" "What were you doing before Scientology?" I said I was regarded as a very intelligent person. I had studied a lot at the university and people respected my high I.Q. But I can tell you this much, that I was a psychotic busy dying. He said, "you were a psychotic?" I said, yes. And he said, "did you run around destroying things?" I said, yes. And he said, "What?" I said, my body. And he sat there, you see. He never thought about that before. And this is what we do, to the extent that we are not aligned with things. I wasn't destroying any one else's body but I was destroying my own, which is even worse. Because what are you doing when you are destroying your body, you are indicating to people roundabout that they are not worthwhile being with. And I suddenly saw the terrible things I was doing, it was an insult to people. There I was loving them and because I couldn't express my love for people I was busy destroying myself, because I couldn't express my love for them and it had nothing to do with them. I wanted to and I didn't have a means of doing it. And then, when I got back to South Africa, as "the world's first Clear" in 1966, and I saw my brother and sister again, you know, and my father. My father, incidentally, is fine and he's well on his way in Scientology. And my stepmother is also a Clear now. But my brother and sister said to me, "Oh you haven't changed very much, you always loved people, that's not any great difference." So I said, but you will remember that I was dying with all that love and I was completely unable to express it and do anything fairly worthwhile to help people. They said, "Yes, we remember." And I said, Well, if you look at me now you will see that I am living with it, and loving every minute of living with it. Being able to take truth and tell people about it, knowing that at last I've got something worthwhile. I remember once when I was about seventeen I used to write a lot of poetry and essays and things like that. And my stepmother said to me one day, "why don't you write?" "That's what you should be,

you should be a writer." I said, why? So many people have written and there are no answers. I will write when I have answers. There' s no point putting more down there that confuses people. So she said to me something ghastly I thought. She said, "But you' re a homosexual. Why don' t you write about that? Maybe the world wants to know about that." So I said, I' m a homosexual, since when? "Well," she said, "if you' re not, you' re going to be." So you see, I had a look at this and I was horrified at what people do to people. You know there I was having a nice little way planned for me. And the whole reason for that, and now she' s discovered it herself, the reason for that was she was determined I would never get out of her, get away from her. She wanted me there in the family circle as her companion forever. So she had it nicely set up. Now I' m not saying this in criticism afterwards. It is like we do these crazy things to each other over and over again, you see. Somebody comes in at Level 1, we call it the Level of Problems, where we help people to look at their problems. And a person comes in in the process--we use a little E-Meter, an electrometer, which is a very simple Wheatstone Bridge arrangement with a very tiny current passing through it, and the person holds a tin can in each hand, and on the dial it has a tone arm and a needle. What it measures is the tremendous changes of the electrical resistance of a body when it has mental mass in restimulation. Within a matter of seconds the resistance of a body can change thousands of ohms when there is mental mass in restimulation. The E-Meter measures this, and so you know you are working in an area where there is a tremendous amount of suppressed mental mass, and you can direct the person and get them to bring it all out. So you say to a person, for instance, "What is the problem?" And he might come up with anything. You don' t know what it is, but you let him find it. And he will say, "The problem, well, I' m mixed up in sex, I' m sort of, I think I' m a homosexual but I' m not sure." And he says, "I feel I' m resisting it and I' m afraid of it." You say, "Thank you. What solutions have you had for that problem?" And he' ll say, "Oh, I' ve done so and so, and so and so and so and so..." Let him finish, when he' s finished you say "Thank you." Then you repeat the question again, "What is the problem?" And he says, "Well, it' s like I' m out of control with sex." And you say, "Thank you. What solutions have you had for that problem?" And he' ll say, "Well, I' ve done so and so, and so and so and so and so..." And you say "Fine. What is the problem?" And he' ll say, "Well, I don' t really know what sex is..." You know, he' ll say something like this. "I don' t ~~kno~~w what it is." You say "Thank you. What solutions have you had

for that problem?" And he'll tell you, "So and so and so and so..." And you say "What is the problem?" And he'll say, "The problem is,---" And suddenly then after you've asked him the question you'll find he'll come down to the point. "Well, for heaven's sake, since when did a body create sensation? Since when does a body create sensation? I, who animate the body create sensation. What have I had a problem with it for? I've been creating it unknowingly, I have been unaware of what I've been creating myself all the time. I don't have to be this and be restimulated by that sexually--I don't have to be restimulated by anything. I can create it myself. It is a sensation that I can create because I am the being and I was creating it all along the line anyway. Because meat and body and flesh etc., don't create sensation, they can't. Take me out of this body and the eyes won't see and the voice won't speak and the ears won't hear, and the hand won't be moving." Suddenly you realize it's spirit which creates all things. It's quite a lot to swallow to start off with but it's very simple, very elegantly simple. And as you get it right, you begin to find out more and more and more, about what you do create and what you have been creating unknowingly all along the line. You have infinite potential, each one of you, infinite potential. There is nothing there that you may not be creative about. No god has ever said that, ever. And this you can know, go back and inspect, where did god say this, and see what the prophets have been trying to get across. Most of the prophets have been trying to free people from false gods. And they've been saying over and over again, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall set ye free." Some people have spent a lifetime trying to prove that we evolved from animated or inspired mud. But they've never asked themselves the question who put the mud there in the first place. And so you see, you begin to look at this. What is basic here? If you get to basic, or get to SOURCE, things begin to go infinitely better.

So then, we have in Scientology a technology very valuable because we have inspected what has happend to truth and how it has been used in so many ways to control and suppress people over the centuries when it falls into the wrong hands. We have observed all of this and so we have evolved a security and an ETHICS. But the purpose of our Ethics is not to hurt anyone; the purpose is to take every stop off the line that sits there in the way of mankind becoming free, free to know himself.

Now there's a point I want to make here. You get such statements such as, "freedom of the press" and it is interpreted as, well, it means we can write as we like. But there's a point I want

to make and I' d like you to look at it. Freedom and truth go hand in hand, because you can never be free from or free with anything until such time as you know the truth about it. So, if you refer to "freedom of the press" and the press is going to honor freedom of the press, they had better tell the truth, not slanted opinionated stuff. There is no freedom without truth, none at all, there never can be. What you do not know the truth about you can never be free from or free with. These are vital points we haven' t inspected for an awfully long time. So then, our Ethics is designed to take off the line only that which is stopping mankind from going free--and there are many things. And your president, Thomas Jefferson, who wrote the Declaration of Independence, said, "I have sworn upon the altar of almighty God, eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of man." There have been many forms of tyranny over the mind of man that we have never seen. For instance, another one. You see how sex has been taken and used as a suppressive tool. If a flower opens up, it' s a bud, you say, it' s beautiful. If it opens up and shows you its stamens you say it' s beautiful. But if a little boy starts showing you his stamens when he becomes aware of them--what happens? Just what happens? You get a little girl just suddenly finding her body and beginning to enjoy it, and what happens? Sssshhh! Nonono-nono. And this all collapsed in with the same idea. The churches have taken religion--have taken sex and used it fantastically suppressively to make people afraid of it. Take the whole of the thing that they' ve created away from them, take them right off Source in relation to it. Because when two people get married they love each other and they can co-create whenever they want to create, if they know what they are. That knowledge of what they are is taken away from them. And so, if it happens that they get sort of ridged up and they can' t have sex and the mother-in-law finds out about it and reports the matter to the church, the whole marriage can be annulled because sex didn' t take place. So then love is being made less of than sex. If you put them back on source on the matter it' s no longer a problem. They know they want to create and so they create it because they know they can. But if it' s used the other way and made so tremendously important it does become a problem. And all of these things we just haven' t looked at as people are rebelling against them.

I know the young people of today do not want to inherit the hideous condition, the existing condition of this planet. They' re turning to drugs and to LSD and to everything they know so that they will not have to CONFRONT handling the mess we are giving them. And

I don' t want to give them a mess--I want to give them something beautiful because they are here at this time when mankind will go free. I want them to see what they can do about it and how they can keep it surviving forever. You see, the technology of Scientology without people is sterile also. It needs people to come and work it and make it work. Because it works! And without you it can' t work so well. The technology of Scientology is here for everyone, irrespective of color, creed, race, sex or anything. Each man can take this and set himself free and set all his friends free. Each one of us is our brother' s keeper. I am my brother' s keeper. If I want my world to be kept in a condition that is survival and not non-survival I had better give to all my brothers every bit of knowledge I have that will help them make it pro-survival. Every bit. And then let them observe for themselves that here is something. Then they will keep my world for me as I would keep it for them, each one--a pro-survival place, a beautiful place.

When we set out from England... First of all in the last levels of this technology it' s tremendously powerful and people need a very safe environment and secure environment in order to run through the top levels of this, what we call the WALL OF FIRE. It' s not a wall of fire but just simply an analogy. But people need a very safe place and so we bought a ship. And we sailed out to sea in order to do this, to have the secure environment in which people could really confront themselves at this tremendously high level. And it worked out marvellously. When we left England and we were sailing out of Southampton, I suddenly looked back at England and I thought, "Oh Heavens, there is so much more I could have done for you, so much more to help you." Because then there was a devaluation of the pound and all sorts of things going wrong in England. In the part of England where I had lived, one becomes so tremendously aware of the beauty of the people who lived hundreds of years ago, you know, the lovely postulates. You see the lovely whole of the countryside dressed in the postulates of those who were before. The magnificent trees they planted, you know, that people have planted and placed and the way these trees have grown. Only people who love the world do that sort of creative thing. And I want it to survive forever because obviously they created it to show the land that they loved the land. And I thought, if only I could do more. And you look around at the whole world and you see that so many, so many want to be creative and only the very, very few sit there and stop, stop, and do whatever they can to control. And as the only real thing with power is truth they take the truth and they abort it and they use it to control the many who are basically

trusting and good. And each one has an infinite potential to create. And if you get hold of these books, take them and read them. Because in the state that the planet is right now, I think that each one of us has lost the right to be critical, has lost the right to say, I' ll have an open mind. It' s like something needs to be done right now, right now. So let' s take something that works and use it. We might find something else later on but let' s take something that does work, don' t let' s go on moving about behind the bushes trying to find something of our own. Let' s take this that does work and then we can create, when we are back on source each one, when we know what truth is, when we know what freedom is, when we know, each one, what we are, and we generate this to people. This will help the race problem of America. It will help it tremendously. You see something happened fairly recently, about 18 months ago. The students in Sweden were turning very much to drugs, marijuana and much worse LSD. And they were really going for LSD in a big way. And some of them heard of Scientology and they came over to East Grinstead into Saint Hill Manor. And of course when people began to Audit them they were sent to Ethics because they had been taking drugs. We never handle anybody under the influence of anything, we want the person to be totally aware of every change he makes whilst he is undergoing Auditing. We want him there in totality. And so we will never handle anyone under the influence of drugs, we wait until the influence of drugs has worn off in totality. So they were completely agreeable. They waited until they were ok again. And when they were ok again they had their Auditing. And what was so marvelous about it is, there were about three of them to start off with, and they said, "This is marvelous, this is a stable high. I know how I got here and I know I can maintain it." You see, it wasn' t like they got up there and they lost it. They said, "We know how we got here." And they went back to Sweden and they told the other students. Now the students from Sweden come in hundreds to Saint Hill. And it' s so funny, they know the route and they honor the structure of our organization. They take themselves straight to the Ethics Officer, report themselves as drug addicts! You know, they are marvelous. They just go straight along, report themselves to the Ethics Officer and they said "How long do we have to wait?" And they sit and they wait. And as soon as they' re ok, they get their Auditing and they get their training. And the result is there is a fantastic change in Sweden right now. You know, it is just wonderful to realize that that country is on its way, because those who are the cream of that country, the most creative of that country, have come to know themselves, something about

finding themselves out. So, they look at the world as it is now, and they say, well, I can take some responsibility for it. Because as a person moves up through these levels, he begins to see that not only now can he control his body and integrate with that world, but he can integrate better with his family, better with his school and with his university. He can do a thousand times more for his university, or his school and his city, and his state, and then the whole of the country and then the whole of the planet. And I' m hoping, I want so much this year, because the United States must lead the way in this, that you will have a sane president and a sane congress, and you will have yourselves there observing this, taking responsibility for making sure that the people you vote for do take the trouble to know what people are. Because it is impossible to govern with certainty when you do not know what people are, the commodity you are governing, and you do not know the commodity you are governing, and you do not know what man is. And this is the message I want you to take and you to get across because this is your country and this is your planet. And you can lead the way. You are the biggest, the sanest country at this time. So take this, set it up, and this way we will save our planet.

A point that I make frequently, and I' ll make it again, so they have a hydrogen war. We suddenly all arrive up there, you see, rushing with no bodies through the gates of heaven. And Saint Peter says, "Well, you' re in a tremendous rush without your bodies. Where are they?" And you say, "Well they had a hydrogen war down there." He says, "Oh they did, did they? Well what could you have done about it? Did you know about it?" You say, "Oh yes, I did, I knew about it, I used to read about it in the papers regularly before it happened." And he says, "Fine, so you knew about it, ok. What could you have done about it?" And you say, "I didn' t create the hydrogen bomb, I' d never have done that. I didn' t create the hydrogen bomb and I never would have dreamed of dropping one." And he would say "Fine. But what could you have done about it?" You say "Oh me? I couldn' t really have done anything." And he would say, "Oh really? Well all of you, get right back there and you recreate that planet and you find out just what you could have done about it. It' s your planet!" It' s your planet, it' s my planet and I don' t want it destroyed. There' s no reason why it should be destroyed. For each of you has a fantastic potential. You need have no fear in finding out who you are. I can promise you there is no god sitting there waiting to punish you. Because I have found out many things about me and around each corner it' s as if there' s something saying "Well done, that' s what I' ve been waiting for you to do for

so long, so long. Come on, get it across to others, what are you sitting back there for?" And this is something. When I went Clear I suddenly saw right through into the basic structure of beings and what people are. And I saw all of this and I knew that I was connected to all people and that all people were helping me. And it was because of the level that people had reached at this time, on this planet, that such a level of freedom was becoming available again. And you have every right to protest. You have every right to be furious about being indoctrinated with untruth. But don' t let' s stop at being furious. Let' s do something about it. Let' s get hold of the truth, get things in on source, and get it across fast. And you needn' t have any worry about truth because truth moves very quickly... and it is your right to know who you are, what you are. And each one of you wants to create, that' s why you are studying, why you want to move further and further. You want to do great things. And when you find out what you are, you need have no fears. You' ll only find out how infinitely beautiful you are. And this is everyone' s heritage. And there is no one, except someone who might be suppressive, who would deny you that right. And if anyone denies you the right to choose your own way to freedom, don' t observe whether he' s an enemy of Scientology, observe whether he is a friend of mankind. Because anybody who denies anyone else the right to freedom, you' d better watch him, that one is no friend of mankind, no friend at all. Because if he denies it to you what' s he doing to all the others, what would he do to all the others. If my love is worth anything to anyone, it surely allows them to go free and encourages them to go free. Not even if I marry someone, say, I do not marry the person just for me. Out of that marriage must come an ever increasing freedom of the other one. Because love is not sex. You find this out too, very, very definitely. Love is not sex. It' s much better to share sex with someone for whom you have love and affinity, but love is not sex. And you see love spreads right across the whole of the canvas of living. When you marry one, or when you love someone very much you love them to set them free, not to imprison them or to channel them into you. And so if I am worth anything to anyone who loves me, then I enhance their ability to go free.

So then, I hope that I have told you something worthwhile in relation to what we are trying to do with Scientology. And I hope that you will take the trouble to find you, because you are the most beautiful thing that you have and you are the realist thing that you have. And until such time as you have you, it will be very difficult

for you to really have anything else. Even your abilities to create. And each one of you wants to create. So, I ask you to read the books that Ron Hubbard has written, they will help you tremendously in your understanding of yourselves. So find you and move on and on with you. And I wish all of this for you. And I thank you very much for hearing me out tonight.

***

HELMUT HEISSENBÜTTEL: FINAL SOLUTION

they just thought this up one day
who just thought this up one day
it just occurred to them one day
whom did it just occur to one day
someone of them it just occurred to someone of them
someone of them just thought it up one day
one day just someone of them just thought it up
or perhaps a number of them thought it up together
maybe it occurred to a number of them together
and how did they do what had occurred to them

if you want to do anything at all you' ve got to be for something and not just anything you just think up but something you can be for alright or at least something that many like to be for or at least something you think many like to be for

and so they just thought it up one day

they thought it up and they hit on it when they wanted to start something but what they hit on wasn' t something you could be for but you could be against or better yet something you could get most people to be against because when you can get most people to be against something you don' t have to be very specific about what you can be for and the fact that you don' t have to be very specific about this has its advantages because as long as they can let off steam most people don' t care what they are for

and so they hit on it when they' d started to just think up something like that

they hit on the idea that what you' re against must be something you can see touch insult humiliate spit on lock up knock down exterminate because what you can' t see touch insult humiliate spit on lock up knock down exterminate you can only say and what you can only say can change and you never really know which way it will turn no matter

what you say against it

and so they hit on this and did it

so they hit on this and did it and when they had done it they tried to get most people to go along and when they' d gotten most people to go along they hit on the idea that what you' re against can still change as long as it' s still around and that only what' s gone can' t change and so they forced those they' d gotten to go along to destroy what they' d been gotten to be against to regard it like Malaria mosquitoes or potato beetles which you' ve got to exterminate and when they' d managed that they called those they' d gotten to do it murderers and declared them malaria mosquitoes and potato beetles themselves and made them stick with what they wanted them to stick with without being for or against anything but just to make them stick with it forever

and this just occurred to them one day when they hit on the idea that you can do something like that

it just occurred to them one day when they wanted to do something and they hit on the idea that all you need to do is to get some people to be first for and then against something and so on until they can' t get out of it any more and are running in circles forever and ever or rather until nobody is left because it won' t likely take forever to get there

but why did they think this up or didn' t they think anything except that they wanted to do something because maybe they were bored with things as they were before this occurred to them and they thought of it

of course they only pushed it this far so they could fall into it themselves in the end and put an end to themselves and everything because that kind is always a kind that wants to put an end to it but they don' t want to go it alone but along with everybody

so that' s the kind of people to whom this sort of thing occurs

***

(from: Textbuch V; tr. by Rosmarie Waldrop)

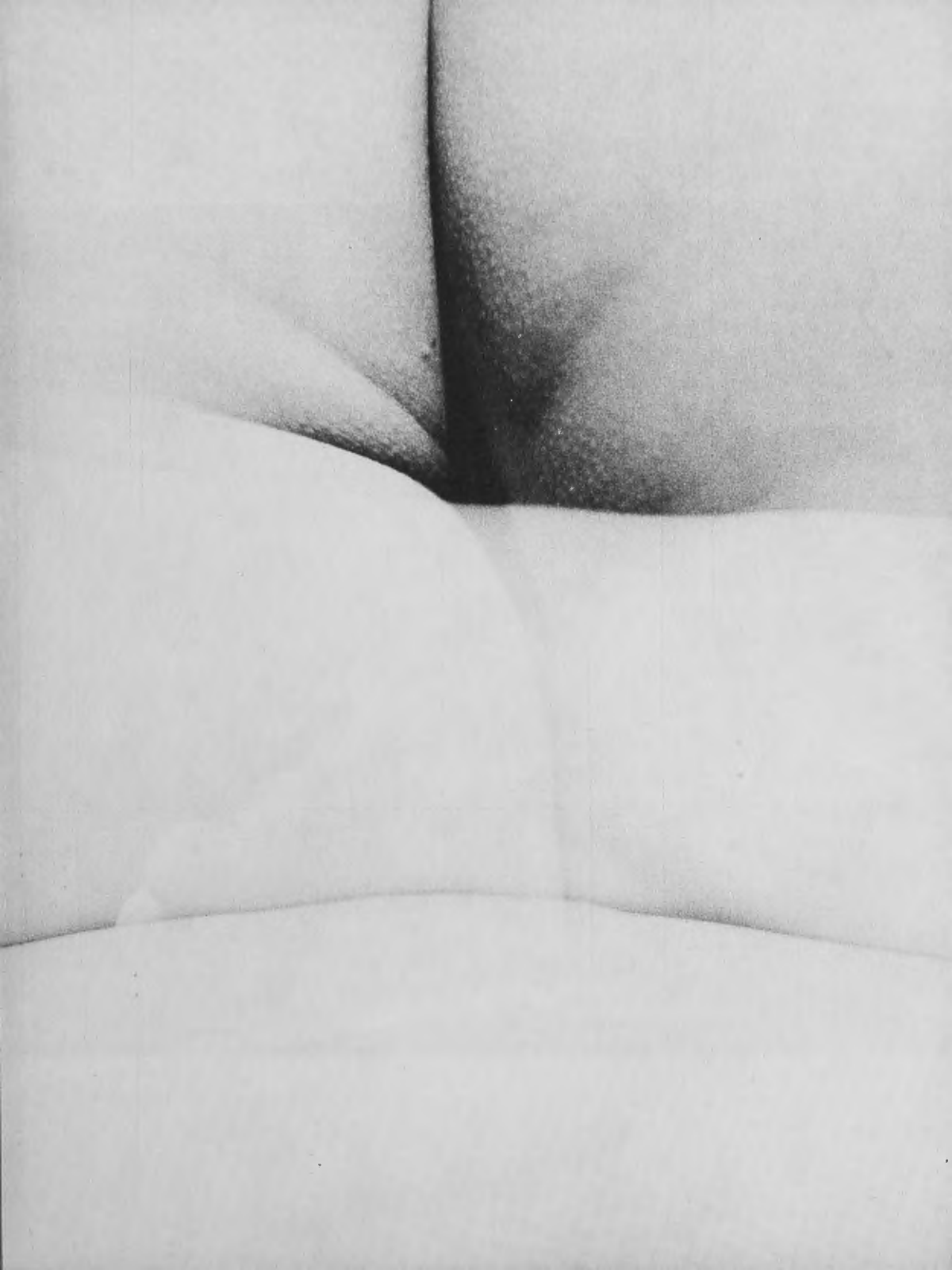
A Note on Yasuhiro Yoshioka:

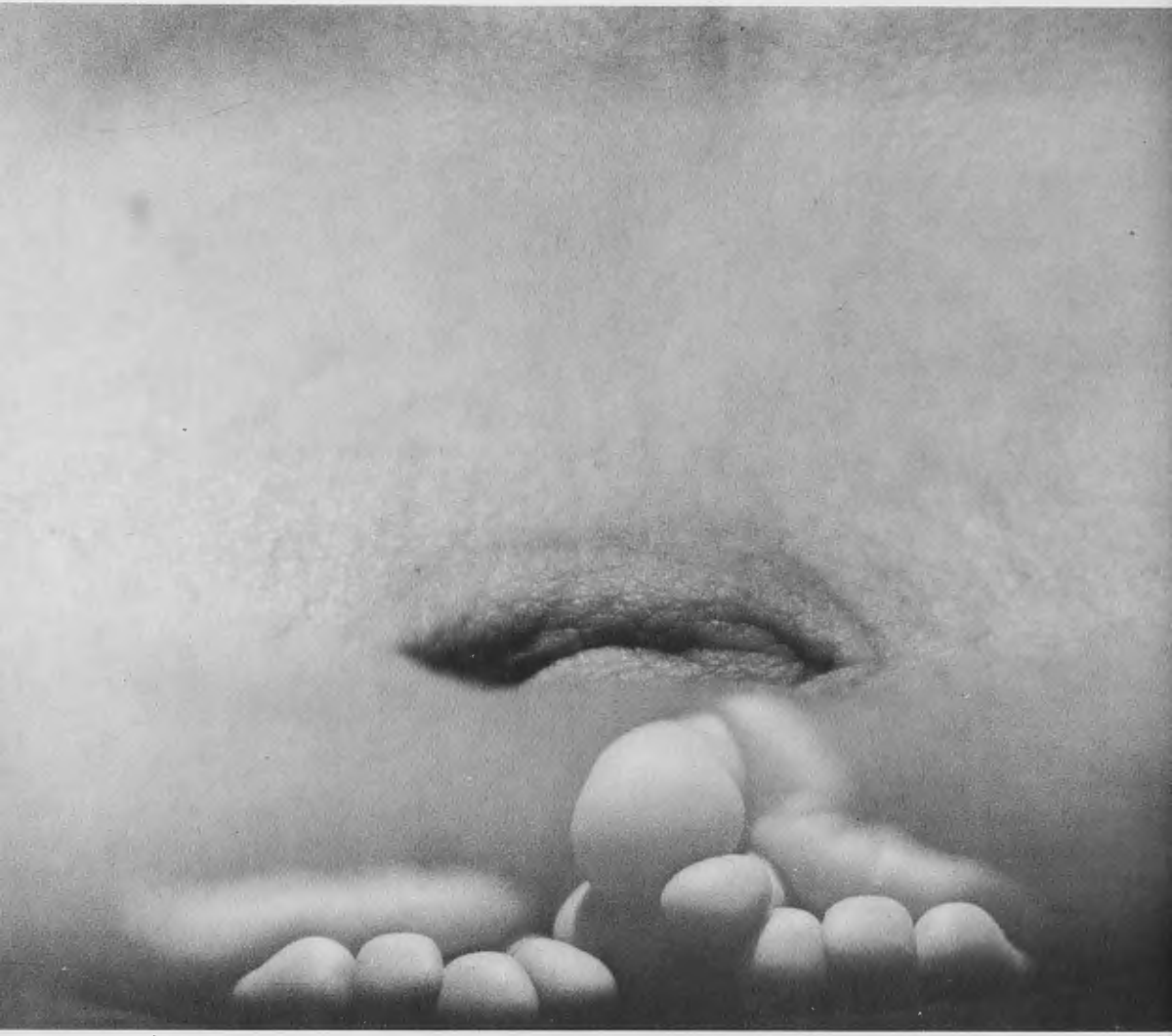
I met Yoshioka with John Cage in Kyoto the fall of 1963, and we spent a day strolling two private temple estates. When I went back with them to their hotel, Yoshioka showed me a group of astonishing photographs which were to make up his first book shortly. Yoshioka worked in this book with the human body, often closing in on a penis or vagina, or nipple or chest, and landscaping what he shot (there is an erection that shot next to its pubes, comes, in the photo, as a waterwall, the skin ridges, the tension, as light hits it, with pubes transformed into trees bursting in at the side).

When I left Japan in 1964 I had Yoshioka's address in Tokyo and a year later sent him a copy of an El Corno Emplumado that had some poems of mine in it. He answered a few months later with the five photos that follow this note.

--C E

* * *





THEODORE ENSLIN: LISTENING TO MOZART

1.

Allegro assai

I have often thought of this music

in certain ways:
That its means
are what it means,
and no one

should ask more.
The tools incised it

intaglio
on a whole century---

fused
Style Galante into

the blood of a man---
to raise it

height and breadth,
and of which

one says singly:
Music.

2.

Andantino Grazioso

After four days of rain,
the sun

hesitantly
above the film

edge
of a cloud.
Brush it away,

as if a cobweb caught the eye,

the light motes of pollen
in soft air

pick up the dampness
and fall.

-Tentative-
a narcissus

in the dooryard.

3.
Tempo di Menuetto

Complete
the light---

chance is not random

nor co-
incidental.

"There was a man who lived

in our town---"

Oh the measure

the
complete

the light.

4.

Presto assai

Because of particular bent -

- the associations -

I could say that this

made music
homoeopathic

music
as I heard it.

The G minor darkness

cured me
-thoroughly---

thus as like cures like.

That the substance was the music,

that it made of music

what the music meant.

***

RILKE' S SIXTH ELEGY TRANSPOSED

Figtree
How long it' s been meaning for me,
how you almost wholly neglect flowering
and into the early determined fruit
unsung thrust you
purest secret .
Like the fountain' s reed your bent bough drives
downward the sap and on up : and it springs
from its sleep barely wakened into the
fortune of its sweetest
attainment . Look
like the god
into the swan .
...We, however,
are lingering,
alas, we glory in flowering and into the
delayed core of our final fruit we
enter betrayed.
In few rises incursion of action
so strongly they' re standing and
glowing in fulness of heart when
seduction to flowering silken as night breeze
touches the youth of their mouths, their eyelids :

•

Heroes, perhaps, and those fated early
in whom gardening death twisted the veins
otherwise : these
plunge forth forerunners
of their own smiles like horses
in Karnak' s mildly
molded reliefs
of the conquering King

+

The Hero is
strangely akin to those young dead:
continuance
means nothing, his
rising is Being,
continually
he takes himself off and enters
the changed constellation of his
constant peril.
Few can find him there. But she
who folds us in sinister silence suddenly rapt Fate
sings him into storm in her uproaring world
I hear none like him .
All at once thru me
borne by streaming air his
dark tone blares

Then, how gladly I would hide from such longing : O that I, that
I were a boy and might still become it and were sitting
propped on forthcoming arms and reading of Samson
how his mother at first bore nothing and, then,
everything

+

Wasn't he Hero already within you O mother beginning
already there his imperious choosing within you?
Thousands were brewing in the womb trying to be
him : but see!
he seized and
released, chose and
could do.
And if he wrecked columns then it was he broke
out of the world of your body into the
narrower world where he further
chose and
could do.
O mothers of heroes
O sources of ravaging rivers You
gorges wherein
from high on the heart's edge grieving

girls have already plunged
--forthcoming victims of the son .
For the Hero stormed thru the holds of love, and
of each heartbeat meant for him each one lifted him
further beyond :
turned away
he stood at the end of the smiles :
another

***

Translation by George Quasha

DAVID BROMIGE: TWO POEMS

NOT THIS TIME

Desperately presst against his body, you
held yourself open around his, a kind of pleasure
approaching then retreating, like a timid lover; I know
what it' s like; biting his shoulder & even as your teeth sink in you
think
' I am biting his shoulder, that must be who I am' , you stick
your small finger in his ass so he might tickle yours,

the excitement of the knowing, the two of you alone together, naked,
turning & turning all night long until your heart
made of inferior metal alloy frays against your stomach & your eyes
are ball-bearings long out of lubricating fluid; was that
why you cried, to prove the image wrong, turning away, from it,
into it, or maybe his deep
sighs of satisfaction, lying back, after the frightening cries of delight;

he fuckt you, buggerd you, ate you, nothing
came of any of it but those glimmerings
but even them by now youre beginning to distrust, maybe
it' s only him, maybe youve never been in love & never will, maybe
in love perpetually, nonetheless are doomed never to come;
I know what it' s like, being one myself who tries to make poems
I wrote, but turn away disgusted in this moment, realizing No,
I dont know what it' s like at all.

***

PART OF ALL YOU NEED

& the young couple who moved in, recommended by your friend
Theyre broke, no place to stay, just til he gets a job
because you did have room
Playing his guitar all night, your kid crying awake, his boots
of fashion slipping on the stairs, that one stair, high, he always
stumbls on,
& the evening you found her at your wife' s sewing-machine
turning a skirt which she denied
was borrowed unquote from the closet full of clothes belonging to the
previous lodger
who some day soon you hoped
would be back from hospital
the black unabashedness of her denial, the straight stare
Dont ask me to find reasons for my actions

the nonsense they talkt, this at least was softly, sitting up,
him earnest, hesitant, her voice harsh & frequently amused,
you straind to catch, once again unable to sleep,

& the day they moved out, tempering your relief with the discovery
the closet had been stript, the library, by this pair
whose parents undoubtedly were deaf in El Cajon,
the still small pleasure of betting the Nietzsche would be gone & it
was;
the nervous grin on the face of your friend when you reported to him
what after all,
as he assured you, wasnt his responsibility; he knew them from
high school in El Cajon;
these two, with the music all night to a heavy beat they listend to
in the beat of this instant, the walls
of a house moved on from returning with the pictures similarly
missing,
now theyve left, enter also in the name of LOVE.

***

TEST OF TRANSLATION VIII:
A poem by Sappho

fainetaí moi kēnos isos theoisin
seems to me that equal to gods

émmen' ōnēr, óttis enántios toi
to be man who across from you

isdánei kai plasíon adŭ̄ fōnei-
sits and close sweetly speak-

sas ŭpakoúei
ing hears

kai gelaísas iméroen, to m' ē man
and laughing desirably, which me for sure

kardían en stēthesin eptoaisen;
heart in breast terrifies;

ōs gar es s' idō brókhe', ōs me fōnai-
for when on you I look a little, Then to me speak-

s' oud' en et' eikei,
ing not any more is possible,

all' akan men glōssa eage, lepton
but silence tongue (has?), slender/subtle

d' autika khrō pür ŭpadedrómeken,
immediately flesh fire runs under,

oppátessi d' oud' en orēmm', epirrom-
with eyes not I see, bull-

beisi d' ákouai,
roar ears,

kad de m' idrōs psūkhros ekhei, tromos de
me cold sweat seizes, trembling

paísan agrei, khlōrotéra de poías
all (of me) grasps, greener than grass

émmi, tethnakēn d' olígo 'pideués
I am, of dying little to lack

fainomai
I seem

allá pan tólmaton, epei kai penēta
but all must be borne since even a poor woman....

/ / /

You can get a rough feel for the movement by tubthumping /-/-/--/-/- on the first three lines, /--/- on the fourth ("Galen...following Herophilus, compares the rhythm of the human pulse with that of a metrical 'foot'." Paul Maas, who also says of Greek metrics, our understanding thereof, "almost all that is not trivial is problematic".) Read it through a few times like that, Italian vowels values, long vowels & dipthongs long. (The last two lines are metrically defective.) Then, keeping that schema in your head, read with the actual speech accents as given above, speech accents & schema working simultaneously. Abrams says, correctly, "(we) can do nothing about the play of word accent against this form", but this will give you an idea of the tensions & resolutions, an echo's echo -- there was music.

Five translations:

He is more than a hero

He is a god in my eyes --
the man who is allowed

to sit beside you -- he

who listens intimately
to the sweet murmur of
your voice, the enticing

laughter that makes my own
heart beat fast. If I meet
you suddenly, I can't

speak -- my tongue is broken;
a thin flame runs under
my skin; seeing nothing

hearing only my own ears
drumming, I drip with sweat;
trembling shakes my body

and I turn paler than
dry grass. At such times
death isn't far from me

(Mary Barnard, 1958)

I set that man above the gods and heroes --
all day, he sits before you face to face,
like a cardplayer. Your elbow brushes his elbow --
if you should speak, he hears.

The touched heart madly stirs,
your laughter is water hurrying over pebbles --
every gesture is a proclamation,
every sound is speech . . .

Refining fire purifies my flesh!
I hear you: a hollowness in my ears
thunders and stuns me. I cannot speak.
I cannot see.

I shiver. A dead whiteness spreads over
my body, trickling pinpricks of sweat.

I am greener than the greenest green grass --
I die!

(Robert Lowell, 1961)

SEIZURE

To me that man equals a god
as he sits before you and listens
closely to your sweet voice

and lovely laughter -- which troubles
the heart in my ribs. For now
as I look at you my voice fails,

my tongue is broken and thin fire
runs like a thief through my body.
My eyes are dead to light, my ears

pound, and sweat pours down over me.
I shudder, I am paler than grass,
and am intimate with dying -- but

I must suffer everything, being poor.

(Willis Barnstone, 1965)

He seems to be a god, that man
Facing you, who leans to be close,
Smiles, and, alert and glad, listens
To your mellow voice

And quickens in love at your laughter.
That stings my breasts, jolts my heart
If I dare the shock of a glance.
I cannot speak,

My tongue sticks to my dry mouth,
Thin fire spreads beneath my skin,
My eyes cannot see and my aching ears
Roar in their labyrinths.

Chill sweat slides down my body,
I shake, I turn greener than grass.
I am neither living nor dead and cry
From the narrow between.

But endure, even this grief of love.

(Guy Davenport, 1965)

Ille mi par esse deo videtur,
ille, si fas est, superare divos,
qui sedens adversus identidem te
  spectat et audit

dulce ridentem, misero quod omnis
eripit sensus mihi: nam simul te,
Lesbia, adspexi, nihil est super me
  . . . . .

lingua sed torpet, tenuis sub artus
flamma demanat, sonitu suopte
tintinant aures, gemina teguntur
  lumina nocte.

(Catullus, c. 59 BC)

I don't think it's worthwhile pointing out the defects of the American translations -- Barnstone's & Barnard's flat & unprofitable, Lowell's fakey & showoffy; Davenport's, of the lot, is maybe the only one you might finish if you ran into it as an original American poem, & he's nowhere near his best form.

More useful maybe to deal with the excellences of Catullus' version. It' s apparent that he' s in touch with what used to be called the Genius of his Language in a way none of the American translators are, his own language. I mean because he' s not translating but writing a poem, because the Greek is a mirror not a problem, he' s putting himself at the center of the process, not the text, & because himself, then Latin, his own tongue.

The Americans are looking for equivalents of Sappho' s "epirrombeisi", a fine sonorous word coming out of the kind of bull-roarer Australians still use in magical rituals; "my ears pound", "my own ears drumming", "a hollowness in my ears / thunders and stuns me", "my aching ears / Roar in their labyrinths". Catullus, evidently, is not thinking about the Greek, he' s thinking about his own ears, his own physical reactions, which are different from Sappho' s, as his language is different (although when Poe uses "tintinabulation" he' s only silly, languages are different).

Or " eptoaisen" -- it evokes wings, like flushing a partridge; "makes my heart beat fast", "troubles", "madly stirs" for Christ' s sake -- Davenport you can believe at least, "sting", "jolt", "shock", American words. "Upadedromeken" all same: "runs under" accurate but who cares, "runs like a thief" grotesque, "purifies" ghastly -- these people have never felt that particular pathos; neither has Catullus, but he doesn' t try to fake it (still his response here is the most literary & least down-home bit in his poem).

Try reading Catullus as you read Sappho (same schema, I' ve marked the word accents) & compare what you get with the other four translations... Translation is not losing, abnegating your identity, personal, cultural, what have you, it' s finding, recognizing, defining it. Anyway, Sappho' s poem doesn' t exist in American yet, or English, so far as I know.

***

--Tim Reynolds

STEPHEN JONAS: 4 POEMS OF MYSELF & OTHER

i

In every Circle there is
some romantic design:
An old man half-blind de-
claiming his fragments
of Sappho
to streets too assiduous
in their stupefaction to believe
Greek flung in the face of
public speech,
that' s just plain old
American
defying scansion
Lacking malice,
there is no presumption
here. The emotions
have not been challenged
the pride
still intact
due to a language
barrier. A
demonstration of force has been
avoided. The hound
sensing nothing
above curb-stone level
trots merrily on
wagging a tail of
contentment.

ii

Search for a just
terminology but
the blood has
long ceased to flow

in the sentence.
Saint
and genius does not appear:
there are interruptions
between the Acts
and the long gaps of
silences. Tho
I lack the saint' s vision, I have
the Poet' s damaged ear.
O World
of the False Vision
O all you
eastman kodax people
--film under water scene.
Of the seven loaves
to the multitude he
subjectively said:
"let them be fed", something
which they have not
themselves created. 'Bon appetite'
and their imaginations
grew.
A child
I remember
opening shell after shell of god
who eats the things
--clams, finding no pearls.
About now I had
other failures: I heard
the sirens singing
from the spiral shell.

And I remember yes
my first image burst
into bloom.
Other moments there were too
come back to me now
as I write: there' s my
first love in a dress of
gold brocade and there
the Rose
its double meaning of

convoluted intent,
set me all contra-basso
vibrating about the one
string the which was
all my counterpoint.
Something of their meaning
has been lost. It is
an age of Comedy.

iii

Memory
mother of the Muses:
"I remember, I remember", that
was my father
"and when you are older"
holding on/to words
for fear of losing his mind,
--meaning words
"you'll be
sorry one day"
But I was on
a roller coaster and
the rides on the house. The question mark
was too far out for me
nor did those jewels
arrayed along the shelves
keep me from my rage. I
remember too, how my first
Poem brought me to
my knees.

iv

Today
most men come at bargain rates.
It is
not their faults, but
circumstances
making for a shift in

emphasis. Men today are
sleek
and rich in flesh-tones.
It is all reflection
from shallow pools
and it is already late
September. Approaching
the Dark Lady between the Twin Towers,
B & J, they stammer,
long lapses of silence or
they panic. They do not have
the Magic Word or
they have lost it.

RECAPITUALATION

Memory
mother of the Muses.
So it is that a thread
from my childhood has
come up to me. The Jeweld Cup,
symbol of Life. Not to forget
the bullet lodged in the skull
's no solution. Tho
it has been for many
a way out

***

November 1961

JEROME ROTHENBERG: THE STUDENT' S TESTIMONY

he was the last demon of ostrow
come back to visit & play
on my mind blowing delicious
bubbles of red soap into
the corners of the room
a furry singing little
demon with bulging eyes big
bulging balls & all
animal twisted into shapes
like rubber
"I love my demon" I would sing
& we would share the backroom of
the synagogue guzzling
the gentiles' beer &
snapping paperclips
against the rabbi' s silks reliving
the poland of old friendships pork & fish
boiling & stinking in a single
pot we would dip our hands
into & make our bellies
shine
what grease
what aromas from the bookshelves
what smells of jews ripe for the sabbath
"fur" I would cry to him or "snot" & he
would wrap me in his sleeves & let
their velvet warm me
nightly the books were opening
in my dreams the letters
black as coal danced off
the page & fell on me I saw them
cross my hips & write the double
yod upon my cock
"never had Polish child felt
greater warmth beside her
mother than I felt there"
later the telephone came voices

reached us from "the kingdoms"
messages of love
vibrated there were calls
from warsaw krakow moscow kiev odessa
paris berlin new york london
buenos aires hongkong yokahama bombay
melbourne juneau tombstone perth
detroit johannesburg topeka east st louis
homesick we dreamed "freedom" meaning
that our hands could touch our feet reach
even the dirt between
the toes
& breathe its essence
(of a hundred slaughterhouses
the sweet fat of the sabbath
in our teeth we waited until the women
came to us bearing the bloody eyes
of cows & lambs
they piled up on the table crying
"hossana to the gentiles")
buckwheat for dinner
in the lonely diner
eating globs of fat congealed
we played games near wealthy
homes pretending that we were children
"the luck of the jews"
"constantinople nights"
"making the devil's mark on parchment"
also "the hair & beard of macroanthropos"
through which he led me his
furry body hidden under
three suits of clothes towards other
pleasures secret holes
he lived in
bathhouse partitions white with mold
& through a broken board the eye
watched the old women strove to behold
the slit the fiery entranceway
dissolve
the waters washing out the light the breath
that moves upon the waters
until the bulb above us splintered

"god is one"
we sang my demon clung to me
made of my tongue
his song
a master at pinochle sometimes
the deck flew in his hands
beautiful men wept like children
some shelled almonds for him
or filled his hat with vodka
the fat students loved him the dark ones
waited for news on the radio
"calm in the face of disaster"
pilgrims visited the tsaddik's court he sat
for seven days
dipped figs in wine
then lifted his milkwhite hands each
finger held a garnet
each eye a golden tear
electricity ran from his beard he wore
a neon caftan
thrice did my demon limp into his presence
they were face to face neither
moving neither still in love
or heartsick
theirs was a meeting of the upper
& lower worlds
the "model of the universe" was always
at their call an empty building windows
broken or taped-up with X's
in contrast to the tsaddik's its
easy warmth stoves in perfect order
so even a stranger had a place to sit
forgetful of each other
they let the time pass with singing not
with arithmetic
"a woman for me
& a woman for thee" (he would order)
the one with a wen near her nipple
the other with a glass eye women
with moist hair in their armpits
moister below
& furious

reputed to be in love with great men they were
"nieces" to all the rabbis
breathless my demon would mount his
from the rear the tsaddik
slept on in innocence of
heart & purpose
barely
could feel her hand
betray him
but blamed it on
the tightness of his linens
(wan allergic dreaming
furry to his fingers
my demon
slept against the other' s
side forgetting
that the bride was always chaste the sabbath
always an interval
between subscriptions
something cold but beautiful
not a mechanical process
merely but responsive
to the touch
in satin slippers beneath
a painted canopy
of stars each waited
for the bride
each called her
sabbath but each had something else a different kind of sleep
in mind

. . . . . .

(coda)

once in a lifetime man
may meet a hostile spirit once
he may be imprisoned for his
dreams & pay for them
lightning is like oil the motor
once it starts keeps

running
such was their wisdom though we had
no use for it
only later seeing it
reborn
in joplin on a billboard
his own shadow
was more than he could bear the war
came & he ran from it
back in the cellar drinking
too much he grew thin
the great encounter ended it
in flames the candelabrum rose did it become
a heart
that broke into sparks & letters
a shower of ruined cities from which
my demon
vanished fled from the light when I was born

***

FRANK SAMPERI: THE TRIUNE

I walked conversing with angels--
trees to the right
animals to the left
the path beyond quiet--
we moved toward the animals--
they moved with us toward flame
the quiet
then the air changed
the right reflected the left
and the movements ceased--
my spirit vanished beyond the hill--
birds flew up from the trees above the river
then night
wind
The creation
close
revealing no trap
man and woman
close
the leaves shading
their movement past water toward hill
Angels above water--
we came down the hill the sun beyond the trees--
we talked with men and women
their light not from themselves
nevertheless radiant the branches glinting
from their nearness--
we continued along the paths
No journey draws significance from the encyclopediac
destitute of references the seeing
gathers to itself always the proper
never once recalling impediment
in love therefore center or edge
meaningless
the sun setting behind us

Taking the path beyond the water
we came to a field
more people
some looked at us
others turned away
the background the sea
we passed lilies climbed the hill to the right
Circle whose center was no where visible except as
circumference presupposed itself as center to a
circumference no where visible
Then turning to the left the sun setting
we walked toward the wood beyond the river
people under a tree were speaking of women and
children wandering in deserts--
continuing along the path
we met a man sitting against a rock
he was blind
he talked only of the ancient world
we knew the stories--
before entering the wood
I could still hear his song
Resolution the hill
the light
nevertheless out of deference
scattered flowers along the paths
then down to the right above water
came to a clearing--
already late morning--
we took the path to the desert
We sat in a garden
a reflection of star mountain leaf
the paths quiet
wind
music
body

No resolution possible
the sentimental gradational
therefore primitive
nor if differential
an opposite
I walked along buildings
up ahead a park and apartments beyond
left and right rivers
the geographical false
stressing a position
a totality as it appears in imagination
this not to say
a totality present
the vision differential
The park quiet
I climbed rocks
came to paths to bridges
to grass trees beyond
turned down to a lake
few rowboats out
some boys their pants rolled up
fishing at the edge
then up to a hill
the path to the street beyond the playground
I came to theaters
the crowds the shops
a complement
in memory
in the grove above the river angels
we passed animals
the odor the grass
we sat on a bank
the sun rising
then to warehouses
the waterfront a block down

We sat on a rock
people passing by a wood
the water reflecting a hill
memory the city
returning the man
the bench
old men drunks
the lovers under a tree
then we walked along the river
turned to the right
the path to a wood
animals tired
groping we came to a clearing
a man and a woman lying amidst grass
to the right mountains
the sun rising
Night
the river quiet
people sorrowing
their words revealing the old
the community
a man bowed near water
the wood above
we came to a hill
implication the reflection
then water reflecting hill
hill no longer implication
Up over rocks to a field
the sea below
then to the right
a ledge to the shore
stars
cliff
memory
dust

Dying to the contemporary
the walk again
involving rain the vision
the exhaustion unable to resolve itself
the memory
people discussing
alienation
the ambience failing
to fulfill each person differentially
a woman' s words
if you spoke to me more often
wind
a slope forsythia
the afternoons
walks for miles
a word one word
if you spoke to me
I wouldn' t be so lonely
night
the car lots
better a movie a bar
the return
home the darkness
oak
the chimes
restoring the man
we stood in a park
the big clock
my wife
my children
altering the words
the neons skyscrapers
warehouses
past

We came to flowers the river to the left
a grove up beyond the rocks
people down from a wood
then turning to the right
looking back
the last man and woman
past branches
the sun behind them
we went toward grass
the river a metaphor
Sitting in a garden
imagining the wood
a curve
the up and down
a circle
I wakened to a grove
the light seeking its own
the sound evoking entanglement
companionship the dream a longing
Then down the opposite side
no wood
no people
the path curving to desert
mountains
Again
the garden
melody
bird
the light
angel
shadow
the rhythm foreign
no profundity
history.
then out past lilacs to sea

Leaf
wind
hill
the forms
shadows amidst water
the hill past
bird
water
then under branches
the light
the pool
then down to a river
the sun setting
mountains
the left the right
death
Odor
angel
my room
memory
willow
the branches above the path to orchard
the speed the universe
a trace
sleep the awakening
the man
the street
then the room
dawn
another awakening
space
the withering a reflection
the self
the beyond
quiet

Contemplating the wood sloping toward the lake
the confrontation
morning
evening
then toward desert
the horizon
the reduction the self
the man reflected the person
the wood
another
then the reflection
light
the identification logic
the outcome
flower
melody a consequence
light
diamond
fire
water
one
then branch
bird
river
implication
street
room
reiteration
the man passing a lot
the El a block up
word
the totality
fault
the gaze
impediment

In exile stressing sound
cars
the room
the environment
heredity
a joke
two people staring each other in the face
child furnished room
the mackinaw
the recurrences
carnations
sweet peas
the graveside
then water
space a reflection unity
light to river
the flowers planets
the universe a body
an obviation
horizon
I went toward a valley
water
light
a reflection rocks
the awakening a garden
dream
depth the illusion
river
lilacs
beyond the hill
animals in the grass below the paths to the mountains
a memory snow
a walk home
streetlights
the barges a guess

Light
under
branches
a pool reflecting hills
an angel moved toward a field
the metaphor flame
dying
the periphery a figure
space
sapphire
every surface revealing the petals withering
Passing beyond to water
mountains reflected
we turned to the wood to the left
people up amidst grass
old man by water
the children behind the hills echoes
the stars no
the moon no
the reflection no
eternal
Then impasse
star
sea
under willow past hill
background
mind
Bird
universe
edge wood
room
the literal
vision
dawn
branches indistinguishable

Seeing children in the midst of a valley
the stars wood beyond wood beyond a river
the seeing signifying
a loss angel
I continued up a path
the movement circular denying the universe
Back street
drunk
nickel for the child
a year before
iron bedstead
shadeless window
the corner candy store
the freight yard the slope a transformation
then to a garden
snow from the hills
the burden years
then out
down to a river
Ocean to the right
lilacs past
I walked under an El
the vision
window
street
backyard
tracks
shop windows
apartment houses
lots
crowds
oak
stoop
dynamo
trolleys 25 years ago

Trembling from the death I longed for
the background increasingly the self
occupations streets to sea
I dreamed wood
men and women shot among the trees
to the right of a waterfall
a girl raped left naked
grass stream
the man pausing
looking back
laughing
before going down the hill
the images cinematographic
journalistic
the national everywhere individual
the crimes entanglements
the wood the city
then waking
I went out into the street
the city peaceful
prosperous
the newsstands
war
crime
diversion
the architecture positions
the people individually met belying the peace
the structure the inculcation
the warehouses
another time
the dock workers
the drunks
victims
nevertheless patriots

Flowers
angel
below the hill
dawn
my quiet
death
body
straight line
curve
one the other
other
reflecting
open going forward
lie
identity a person
dying
depersonalization
contradiction
fact reason
the sea
stars
universe
shadows
mind the light
false
the tree
snow
root
odor
bird similar
unity
vision
river
hill
dialectical

Then light a resolution the wood below a wake
the disentanglement
a woman gathering hill flowers
the spirit uninvolved
the words civil
the presuppositions
motion
creation
projections
the theme
creation no beginning no end
integrity
harmony
radiance
old
today equally old
the difference
the state
unity
we turned toward the hill
space
time
mind
then world
Darkness
music
trees river
the birds
animals
flames
the grass
crystals
the downward movement
comedic
the other resolution of the gradational

Death
the memory
shadow
then river
mountain
grove
past
wood recurrence
angel
leaf
light
revelation
star
hill
a man and a woman naked above the grass
the beyond transumptive
shadows of vine leaves
begrudged
gods references
the heavens fields
the man wakened
dream again implicative
foreknowledge the purpose
giant the universal body
total
then to pool
dawn
an angel going down to a valley
odor
radiance
involvement
knowledge
a hill
forsythia
the gift

One and others juxtaposed
ambience conchoidal
the unitary unjustified
line spectral
point zero unresolved
unit not zero
however no negative no positive
positive stressed
subject attached to negative
Rain
I left the park
walked uptown
drunks
shops
side streets
trucks warehouses
vision
angel river
dusk
I continued turned right
galleries
order
generation
perfection
the generations
displacement
heretics
wanderers
our turn to be burned
our prosody
necessary
contingent
being presupposed
if not work
world as Idea in need of renunciation

The man dying the hill flame
the person reflected
people reflecting reflected
then going on
we went up to a wood
rested at the edge
star
field
sea
goat
lion
tiger
deer
insect
sand
cliff
eagle
river
flamingo
particle
desert
grove
sparrow
snow
oak
garden
gull
weed
moon
lake
valley
crystal
dust
words from the self
the pit justifying flame least providential

Angel under willow
fire below by river
road
valley
odor
reduction
the man a reflection
the god involution evolution
resolution deceptive
induction deduction
transformations
therefore equilibration
then opposite
generation
circular movement squared
the confusion
street
river
the failure
flower
foot
the withering
water
bird
branch
hill
grove
mountain
above
beyond
behind
background
the instinct
that
the habit foreground

Inward
the rose
revealing
light
resolving
melody
eagle
revealed
the person
reflecting
the man
on
a
hill
revealing
sea
then
heavens
vast
close
diamond
reflecting
the reduction
lily
then
fire
point
resolution
conic
elliptic
the balance
field
the
flowers
rays

Glass light then hill rocks past beyond up

***

ELAINE SUMMERS: PRIVATE DANCE STRUCTURES

1) for a desperate day

Put your feet on the floor
do not consider them
consider your knees, bend them
lift one foot off the floor place it somewhere
consider touching toes, touch them any old way
Sigh, bunches of sighs
consider your complete self in a long mirror
consider your left eye carefully
keep your eye on your left eye and slide
it all the way down the mirror.

2) for a depressing night

Spread a sheet over the bed
Squirm your head under the sheet til it is
right in the middle
  Variation I: call a friend
lie on the bed with head in the center
feet up towards ceiling
Friend floats sheet over head & feet
stand up keeping head in center of
sheet
slide right arm slowly horizontally to
side feel sheet on arm til arm
is completely extended
drop arm rapidly
turn whole body & fall on bed
Repeat

3) Panel Discussion Disruption for any number

take a seat with fellow panelist
Sit seriously & quietly til 5 min. after
everyone is assembled
Turn to someone near you &
quietly ask to change seats
Sit for some time (3 min to 8 min.)
Change relationship to chair radically
Stand quietly behind your chair or someone else' s chair
interrupt the space between audience
& panelist by lying down on floor
or sitting on floor

look a long time at someone
in audience & consider their eyes

when responding to questions or
talking lean at a wild angle
or balance

change places with someone in
audience while talking & sit
in their seat

wait 5 min. And change
places with someone nearby
lie, lean, & sit in any order
on panel table

Choose your favorite place
& continue changing
your body shapes & places while paying full attention on discussion

***

TOBY OLSON: from PIG/S BOOK

SKUNK

By the road side and under tall grasses
where I walk upon it (
both feet. Saith

the skunk is zebra
or a kind of cabbage,
horse

it is and with stripes a cat, tho
broad of tail. Woman
and where she walks

defines her. You are not woman,
but the skunk to me
asserts itself / names

itself. Skunk you are
at close range
and beauty.

There is no mistaking this.
there is no
pig in it.

***

GOAT

Remember this Goat to the Pig,
for far away glances and everything
gathered together & eaten.

Everything Goat has eaten
Pig has considered, as
has the whole barnyard:

as chicken
longs to put beak
to the neck of the farmer.

Goat spent hours alone
digesting
while Pig was thinking

of hen' s eyes beyond
the henhouse
beyond these fences.

Will
Goat be missed? Pig
will consider it.

***

SNAKE

Bright ringed and beautiful
coral . dry
and death rattle in a pig/sty
and in the belly of a pig,
dead. Yet

you are beautiful . ringed
turn of the wrist

whole arm in the belly of a pig.

And snake does walk out, turns
winter to spring
in a pig/s
eye fixed upon nothing.

The power that snake has
that pig should love him.

***

BIRDS

Birds fly south across the barnyard:
an omen. pig thinks & wishes
he had a shotgun. Birds

flying in all directions
and everywhere. Ugh, says Pig--
so many ladders, black cats, strange smells, there

are omens and dreams . black wings and tusks
O when
and will the birds come down.

they will
from everywhere. and do
build a nest in the dead pig/s nostrils.

***

COYOTE

Coyote makes a diary of sadness
in the mountains, deserts

and plains where he lives.

alone, and he sings from it.
At night,
even where Pig can hear,
it moves

in and across Pig/s eyes
and in pig/ears, near
where his brain

ticks: what they will do is make
meat of me
bacon and chops
a-roast-pig, and whatever else is

tasteful (Coyote

sings from it.
and Pig hears it

alone, in the barnyard
where he lives.

***

ROBERT KELLY: TWO POEMS FROM BOOK II OF SONGS

SONG 43

Orderic) Prytan. Poseidonios.
Missa glagolitica
steps of l' Opéra,
turn right at out, past rue Scribe
D:M: AMERICANIS EXSVLIBVS
haunt what air
is there in juillet, that way
is Italy
(down there), that way England,
Lloegr,
where Vendigeitvran his cup
never given out, was cracked, kept
his head against the sassenach
But do not
open this door
that looks on
Galatia, the fields of Irish where we had been
& now another is
who will come also to the door.
A kékszakállu herceg vára: to look back
is join the dead,
mach' die Tür zu
& leave the dust to Puck,
given over to our friends.
Notker. Eginhardus,
life of the great King,
Behistun, nothin that way till China,
flies of Balkh,
its silver-vulva' d woman gone
to unselective wisdom,
O King of Clouds
be wise.
Bozhe! Prostite,
prosti...

romantic death of the Usurper,
& all the while

Schirm des Grosskönigs,

axe-writing
(cuntiform), die nackte Göttin
in a bookstore, George' s
or Grimaud' s with fresh-printed sagesses,
memories of Sar Péladan,
in came a red-faced man
with a long beard
roaring & fuming, Am the god
of war & peace I am
I bite you with my teef
& dung you with my bum,
compost & calender of Shepherdes,
Sfards,
Now this bronze door was only open
brass shells
/of '17, '39, '44
l' oeil bronze,
J)anus.
Brunus dixit:
this pack of scumbags we fill the sky with,
our
versions of divinity.
But hear me where you stand
more lissome than any reed
untouched by our too-simple musics, free of our octaves,
dea, ΑΦΡΟΔΙΤΑ ΟΥΡΑΝΙΑ
rode beside us on the bus to everywhere,
Kimmerian Monongahela,
Scythian herdsmen of Iowa.
We caint pronounce that name
we' ll just call you
Utah . Vitalis . King
heed the day, the fletcher mumbles on his shaft;
Orderic tells us In the New Forest
On New Years Day
the Red King made one
the living & the dead

(sacrament of equinox,
her breasts under the link-mail
pressed down,
magnyficence
nakedness of the armored woman)
the other fled---
To the King across the water!
Slow stream, & palus,
between Logres & Broceliande,
la Manche, paquebot à Douvres---
Bring the king home
whose pierced body makes the kingdom whole.
wer wandelt diase Strasse voll Beschwerden
Close the door & do not test
these wisehoods where they fall
plum-rotten from the blighted tree,
botched our history
for thee, Citizen Mother
(gold stars in all your windows)
gleaning wheat

***

SONG 44

as far down the coast as our breath will travel
we shadow each other we shadow we shadow
what has been before
coming there on the right side of what we abandon
the shade at the left, is left
---as far down the coast "he will find
another part of it, wind between his back teeth so
biting into
experience
we had our illustrations from the original
"as far down as the wind will carry back
Béziers Capestang Narbonne, inland at Fontfroide

to Montgaillard & Termes, Alet & Limoux,
Bellegarde Chalabre Belesta Lavelanet
Montsegur
"he will find a part no wind can carry back
he will fit it to the father-animal
& taste the virgin milk
"& down the Ariege
if it could be, to Cataluna
holding his tears back so wind wont stanch them
& holding all possibilities clear in his unmemory
waiting for dawn
"& there take ship
cracked lips in sea-wind
to the once independent isles
in search of a lost table, an alphabet of many stars
"control the wind if you would walk
& lead the completed animal to its nest
far under the beastly waves
having a direction no wind could change
come back after when the yearling creature
can sniff out the hidden master of the house
"stone on stone, as ever, time on time,
& then the arch slides & the wall
gives over to its inclination & subsides
the hill
continues, levelling but we cant see

It goes at his left & it goes beside him

***

GARY SNYDER: THE BLUE SKY

(from Mts. & Rivers)

" Eastward from here,
beyond Buddha-worlds ten times as
numerous as the sands of the Ganges
there is a world called
PURE AS LAPIS LAZULI.
Its Buddha is called Master of Healing,
AZURE RADIANCE TATHAGATA"

It would take you twelve thousand summer vacations
driving a car due east all day every day
to reach the edge of the Lapis Lazuli realm of
Medicine Old Man Buddha--

East. Old Man Realm
East across the sea, yellow sand land
Coyote old man land
Silver, and stone blue

Blue. blāew, bright flāuus flamen, brāhman

Sky. skȳ scūwo "shadow"
Sanskrit skutās "covered"
skewed (pied)
skewbald (. . . "Stewball")
skybald / Piebald

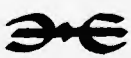
Horse with lightning feet, a mane like
distant rain, the Turquoise horse,

a black star for an eye
white shell teeth
Pony that feeds on the pollen of flowers
May he
Make thee whole.

Heal. hail whole khaizaz...kail...koil

Namo bhagavate bhaishajyaguru-vaidurya-
prabharajaya tathagata arhate samyak
sambuddhaya tadyatha om bhaishajye
bhaishajye bhaishajya samudgate
svāhā.

I honour the Lord, the Master of Healing,
shining like lapis lazuli, the king, the
Tathagata, the Saint, the perfectly enlightened
one, saying om TO THE HEALING
TO THE HEALING TO THE HEALER HAIL!
svāhā.

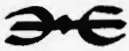


Shades of blue through the day.

T' u chueh
Türc
Turquoise a hydrous phosphate of aluminum
a little copper
a little iron

Whole, Whole, Make Whole!
Blue Land Flaming Stone-
Man
Eastward--

Sodium, Aluminum, Calcium, Sulfur.



In the reign of the Emperor Nimmyō
when Ono-no-Komachi the strange girl poet
was seventeen, she set out looking for her father
who had become a Buddhist Wanderer. She took ill
on her journey, and sick in bed one night saw
AZURE RADIANCE THUS-COME MEDICINE MASTER
in a dream. He told her she would find a hotsprings
on the bank of the Azuma river in the Bandai mountains
that would cure her; and she' d meet her father there.

" Enchantment as strange as
the Blue up above" my rose of San Antone

Tibetans believe that Goddesses have Lapis Lazuli hair.

Azure. O. F. azur
Arabic lāzaward
Persian lāzhward "lapis lazuli"

--blue bead charms against the evil eye--

Hemp. "...Cheremiss and Zyrjän words...these two
languages being Finno-Ugric--
a wandering culture-word
of wide diffusion."

Tim & Kim & Don & I were talking about
what an awful authoritarian garb Doctors
and Nurses wear, really, how spooky it is.
"What should they wear?"

--"Masks and Feathers."

Ramana Maharshi Dream

I was working as a wood cutter by a crossroads--Ko-san was working with me--we were sawing and splitting the firewood. An old man came up the lane alongside a mud wall--he shouted a little scolding at some Zen monks who were piling slash by the edge of the woods. He came over and chatted with us, a grizzled face--neither eastern or western; or both. He had a glass of buttermilk in his hand. I asked him "Where' d you get that buttermilk?" I' d been looking all over for buttermilk. He said "At the OK Dairy, right where you leave town."

Medicine. medēri Indo European me-
"to measure"
"MAYA" Goddess illusion-wisdom fishing net

Herba. some pre-latin rustic word.

Lazuli.
Lajward
Sodium, aluminum, calcium, sulfur,
and silicon.

lazuli bunting
sea-blue
hazy-hills blue
blue cheer pills blue
huckleberry
cobalt-medicine-
bottle blue.

Celestial. arched cover....kam
Heaven. heman....kam

Kamarā, Avestan, a girdle kam, a bent curved bow

Kāma, God of Lust "Son of Maya"
"Bow of Flowers"

:Shakyamuni would then be the lord of the present world of sorrow; Bhaisajyaguru / Yao-shih Fo / Yakushi; "Old Man Medicine Buddha" the lord of the Lost Paradise

Glory of morning,
pearly gates, the
heavenly blue.

Thinking on Amitabha in the setting sun,
his western paradise--
impurities flow out away, to west,
behind us, rolling

planet ball forward turns into the "east"
is rising,
azure,
two thousand light years ahead
Great Medicine Master;
land of blue.

The Blue Sky
The Blue Sky

The Blue Sky

is the land of
OLD MAN MEDICINE BUDDHA

where the Eagle
That Flies Out Of Sight

flies.

***

NOTES & REVIEWS

As CATERPILLAR enters its second year I am aware of only two shifts in policy: the new Notes & Reviews section (wch I had held off on before as I want poetry to fill CATERPILLAR, not squabbles), and ceasing to validate the present war, wch was up front in the Spero gouaches in #1, internalized in the Corner essay/lecture in #2, & as viciously compact as I cld get it with the two burned children photos in #3/4. At this point in my life I want to validate what I want to exist. That generation be swallowed up in regeneration.

--C E

***

The Wright review of the Neruda book (translated by Nathaniel Tarn) in June POETRY calls for comment. A few weeks ago Nicanor Parra told me, there are two very great books of 20th century South American poetry: the Neruda Residencias (by which I think he meant I and II) and Vallejo' s Poemas Humanos. (The earlier Vallejo books, Parra sd, are "baby poems") That seemed right to me and reinforced a feeling I' ve had since I began to read Neruda' s work after the Residencias: that it' s pretty second-rate and, at times, bad journalism. So it galls me to see Wright lay up a fame-wall at the beginning of his review wch is pretty much what the entire line of North American attitude toward Neruda has been, or read the poem of Neruda' s in that issue of POETRY; its a lot of hot air. In regard to Wright' s evasion of saying anything about the Tarn translation: go buy a 25 cent Spanish dictionary and see for yourself. The whole business, Wright' s awe, the language of the Tarn version and Belitt' s handling of Neruda (wch in the present version is at least a little less involuted and totally unreadable than his early versions) go to make up the International Pen Club image of the great simple Chilean. Curious how we North Americans seem to get our hooks on a Russian, or a Pole, or a Latin-American, bring him home to supper and stuff him forever. There are a half-dozen Latin Americans who have hardly been touched by good translation (such as Neruda' s countryman, Huidobro, who is constantly superior to Neruda with the exception of the Residencias).

--C E

***

Edward Dorn. GUNSLINGER, Book I. Los Angeles, Black Sparrow Press. 52 pp., $4 (edition of 600 copies -- act fast)

This is it. Straight. Pound complained that the accuracy of Cavalcanti would be not possible in our time, for lack of a philosophical language, a way to talk about things in relation. Time changes. Or Dorn otherwise, no matter. Must be put on record, right now, that this is the solidest straightest richest new poem now before us, poem as line-forward, going somewhere & being there all the time it travels to.

If you dont know what ' accuracy' means it is possible that youll have to go back to the beginning & start again. Or forget about it & hustle the stale goods out of the agora. What' s happened is that Dorn has learned (us) to talk, he always could, but at this incredible gait:

(the naive academic narrator:)

Miss Lil! I intervened
you mustn' t slap my
Gunslinger on the back
in such an off hand manner
I think the sun, the moon
and some of the stars are
kept in their tracks
by this Person' s equilibrium
or at least I sense some effect
on the perigee and apogee of all
our movements in this, I can' t quite say,
man' s presence, the setting sun' s
attention I would allude to...

(or Lil, the Mysterious Madam:)

That horse would sit at
the table all night, terrible
on whiskey and rolled
a fair smoke
and this texan insisted he was
payin for my girl' s time
and he could use it any way he
saw fit
as long as he was payin like
and I had to explain
a technical point to that Shareholder namely,
that he was payin for
her ass, which is not time!

And the way Gunslinger talks, I' ll give no samples since his best emerge in dialog. Gunslinger as mythic hero, a semitized & areopagized Coyote, the Sun' s son like the great Navajo gambler. Or so it sounds, to me, on one wild reading of this straight american dante (durante = the enduring, dante = the giving) -- a

common noun, with the help of god. It is entirely possible that people will laugh their fool heads off in this book, what with the Turned On Horse & the slicker who calls himself Claude Lévi-Strauss, yes, & it wd serve them right. This being the most serious poem I' ve read in some time (or is that my fat-lipped kiss of death?)

Mythology comes alive, those few times it does, when it roots in flesh & grows, simply, new bodies & new maps to take movement on. To talk abt Gilgamesh or Odysseus or the Heraklids is not mythology but philology (or worse). Now here in a most remarkable way the substance (always image/nation) of the west, West, comes to terms with a remarkable human not to say political intelligence. Incredible the way this man can register exact socio-historical & mythical states ("How far is it Claude? / Across / two states / of mind, saith the Horse.") without thumbing the old hagiography in our faces. And that is the body of his invention, solid. I keep coming back to that word for this poem that wont let up.

And accuracy I spoke of, easier to point to it than say what it is, the tending of language & concern for its clearest directions.

> Salud, poeta
> what song can you sing?
> All songs but one.
> A careful reply.
> Then can you sing
> a song of a woman
> accompanied by that
> your lute which this
> company took to be a guitar
> in their inattention.
> Yes I can, but
> an Absolute I have
> here in my hand.
>
> Ah yes, the Gunslinger exhaled
> It' s been a long time.

Dorn right now has the fastest proper motion of any of the stars in that constellation of where we are.

--R K

***

D Alexander: MULES BALK A Matter book, published by Kelly, Annandale-on-Hudson, New York 12504.

This is D Alexander' s third book (the first two: NOT A WORD, Oyez, and TERMS OF ARTICULATION, Caterpillar VIII). His poems are tight, narratively obscure, wrenched, & associational; the "yr" & other shorthands are very personal, they model his lines, rich in density, and obscure (dark, not clear), since the process he is in & of wch he speaks is not yet clear to him. This is perfectly fine, for it speaks of a deep trust in creation even if the poet as of yet is still unwilling, or unable to open fully. Violence is foreshadowed linked with a ritual woman who makes up nearly all the poems draw on for matter.

--C E

***

Lynne Banker: RAIN A Theo Publication, 641 East 9th Street, New York City, c/o Frank Murphy

Miss Banker' s poems are full of pop circuits ("color me brown" etc), and her structures are generally juxtapositions of painful personal comments next to rather sightless and banal observations. There is much pain that is not spoken, and one feels that the minutiae that clutters the verse is what Miss Banker cannot confront of the pain, or let' s say, the obsessiveness she feels to record negative experience. However, let no one miss the fact that there is power here, held-back, but power and original potential. When Miss Banker loses interest in negative pictures and throws the lower East Side Poetry Scene out her window, she just may knock a few heads off. Watch.

--C E

***

Basho: BACK ROADS TO FAR TOWNS Mushinsha Grossman, New York.

The Cid Corman / Kamaike Susumu translation of this famous haiku-filled hike journal of Basho' s made up part of the Test of Translation IV (CATERPILLAR 2). At that time the book was unpublished; now it is available in very handsome format with scholarly and enjoyable notes. The translation, as I suggested in the Test , is a landmark and so superior to ALL other translations of Japanese haiku (if not of Japanese literature) that it is in a class by itself. The interested reader may care to search out a copy of origin magazine, #8, second series where Corman/Kamaike' s translation of Akutagawa' s Notes on Basho appeared. Later this year Mushinsha will publish another volume of C/K translations, this time of Kusano Shimpei, a contemporary Tokyo poet.

--C E

***

Bending the Bow, by Robert Duncan. New Directions Books, New York, 1968. Paper, 137 pages plus Intro., i-x. $2.25.

We are here. Fifty-seven poems. One poem. Robert Duncan is speaking to us. The thick of it with no turning back. Our faces our own looking straight into hell. Eight years earlier in "A Poem Beginning With a Line by Pindar" from The Opening Of The Field, he told us: 'We have come so far that all the old stories / whisper once more.' Now it surrounds us, more than we would have thought possible or believed. Pick up the old threads. It's back in the earlier book and in the "Pindar": the painter's canvas thrust thru the poem, the play of love thru the world's forms, the realm of magic and the mind, the brutal and stupid national politicians, the blackest of deaths, the return to primal reality, the poet as master worker, the wretched and aching Christ. Pound/Odysseus, the twice crucified man, speaks to say: a lizard upheld me; and the field has opened into the immense possibility of the organic universe. Duncan's power, freedom, and sheer wildness amaze us. We are locked into his field of force.

Much of the 'poem' of Bending the Bow is confrontation, as delineated in the series of thirty poems called "Passages." The war goes on and we rage to confront the men of power, somehow, with a power of good greater than their own evil. The photographs and the films bring us the horror, but do not heal. That the word could heal. That the word could take hold and bear us. The word with the power of transformation. The fulness in our mouths, in our ears, speaking at the evil. Lyndon Johnson cannot halt it, and the brute power of the ox in the burning field is formed by the word and we know his stony face. The photograph of the burned child drives us wild. We would scream as the great dumb ox would cry but cannot. The poet's freedom grappling in death struggle with the forces of the world gone mad out of nature. Field. Force. Animate. Give life. Give voice which is life to him that would speak. This is what the poet created, what he is, that which stands in the face of the evil which seeks to bury it. The flow of the cosmic life speaking thru his mouth. We must be as free as possible. Accept the splendor as well as the dissonance. If the voice breaks, it breaks as the sea breaks in the rhythm of itself. The pulsing and re-forming waves drawing the world into their being. We know that Duncan is good enough not to miss.

And with this confrontation is borne the burden of the other side: the rendering of the inward way and the force of love; the only true sources of our comprehension and possible salvation. We are brought to the depth of the 'black sun' and 'stricken tower' of Nerval; and we are returned to the ever-recurring mysterious reaches of magic and imagination. The tortured Christ of love stares down, but we know that as Cupid bends the bow, so also does Aires; and that when Odysseus returned and had come thru, he too took up the bow that only he could bend and string. He bent it for love and for revenge. We turn back on ourselves, and even in the face of love we know ourselves the falcon that would eat and tear at the little birds. The falcon who is held in the sight of love, but who would ravage his mother's hand; just as men now ravage the earth that bore them. We, the killers and captives.

We are held in time, but we are also out. As Duncan himself has so beautifully written in connection with Joyce: 'A moment of a poem was an

eternal thing.' The play of Eros and Death continues. Fifty-seven poems. One poem.

--Hugh Seidman

***

Philip Lamantia SELECTED POEMS 1943-1966. City Lights, San Francisco.

Sixty-two pages reprinted from earlier books, few easy to get. Twenty-seven pages printed "here for the first time anywhere," the section called Secret Freedom. Philip Lamantia is a poet who does not occur in time; time meets him & overhears. From the first poems (written when he was sixteen) on to what we assume are the latest, there is a not-measured propagation happening. The change from year to year is less noticeable than the change from poem to poem, or from line to line of the same poem: the spectrum remains constant. And the cleavage pattern in the rock remains the same; transformations are instant, line to line:

> The crash of your heart
> beating its way through a fever of fish
> is heard in every crowd of that thirsty tomorrow
> and your trip ends in the mask of my candle-lit hair

or

> a caustic air
> that spins me to the rock of enigmatic love,
> affinities of the mineral diving board
> that is my body contracting to the rhythm
> of its murex hand churning the waters below
> and only the starlight consoles

to quote the last lines of the first & last poems in the book. Each ecstasy begets the next, & the pale cotidian light between them is elided. And this absolute resistance to time fascinates me; for some years, we understand, he has "read the spells of Egypt patiently," & the static only internally changing presence of Egyptian texts may be the best emblem, & the best instruction for reading these poems. The high excitement of his public readings is missing here. Ikeep coming back to rock. The poem "Coat of Arms", of recent ones, is very powerful.

--R K

***

Carol Bergé: POEMS MADE OF SKIN Weed/flower Press, 501 Markham Street, Toronto 4, Ontario, Canada.

Carol Bergé's poems are sturdy, focused; unimaginative & polite; the politeness

covers hate; her questions are more often than not moot; she likes to appear proper & sarcastic. Her sense of constructing a poem is sharp & when I say "focus" I mean she can hold a poem to its emotion, keep it emotionally true to what she has started. Unimaginative in that her poems are, like Gilbert Sorrentino's, one-dimensional & have an academic sense of metaphor (that it is not real). Tight. On a leash. Much feeling here never expressed. And bitter. Unforgivingly bitter. When will she learn? What we are attracted to is what we are -- Bergé is attracted to tough women overheard talking, quoted conversations, dialogs real but also cute. She never gets lost in her poems. Why? She sticks with what she knows.

--C E

***

commentary on the Midrash

> "A blind beggar accosted two men walking on the road. One of the travelers gave him a coin but the other gave him nothing. The Angel of Death approached them and said: 'He who gave to the beggar need have no fear of me for fifty years, but the other shall speedily die."

The meaning is beyond the merely use of religious awe to force social-behavior. The man who gives-not acts otherwise than for his own only selfinterest. If his choice were free; if he could really choose selfishness and with no consequences--then, he could not-give. We are taught though than this is not the case. (If Plato'd understood that, he would've spared us the whole Republic.) Then if the angelof-death were simply the threat in the Rabbi's voice trying to force the rich ape to part with a few shekels, it would be recognized a falseness in the essence of social moralities --Rather than deny truth we would let all such-built human ethics go... but I will not accept this as truth. It is not the truth. The story is being told to extort moral behavior of us, --But there is a better base than authority and fear. Let's hope that this man who did give was more than a fool. He must know he has no choice.

How appropriate that the man who gives no life (gives no means to life) gets his own life taken. What is he holding onto when he denies the beggar? If his life be taken away, the angel is in him.... There is a wisdom here. Consider what it takes NOT to give. The other man gave his: on impulse before to consider (else The Angel would get him too!) what is it he really thinks good for himself; he was righter than he knows. It is prerequisite for survival-- to know common humanity. to Not see the other & any and allother is what would require the effort. This is self-denial: This life built on the pretense that that sufferer is not of me, is not me (could not be me).

The miser pays the price of not being the revolutionary. Deep in his gut this falseness which separated him from the man will separate him from his life. --What you wld know when you live close enough to the Bowery: Deny it. will kill yourself. Nothing more than how it feels how bad it

feels to hold back. the that pretended & presumptuous immunity from lesser privileges will corrode will wither the riches right in your bowels. Die of it. (which is what the Death did to him). And the other man? will get not quite the his 50 years. he did not give well, probably, enough.

--Philip Corner

(to wch I wld like to append a note: another consideration right here, not negating Corner' s concern, wch seems to me most important, about holding back, comes to me, as I remember it, from a tape of a lecture given by Ron Hubbard. Hubbard is talking about individuals keeping their creativeness low so that engrams do not key in, and then parasites such as bums and tax-collectors who never contribute a thing, being careful to be irresponsible. The point then is should one validate irresponsibility, or say uncreativity? For that is what one does in giving to the beggar and India, wch is not in such hot shape, is modeled on this very down idea.

--C E)

***

Robert Creeley THE FINGER. Black Sparrow Press, Los Angeles. With Collages by Bobbie Creeley.

Start of the year with an incredible poem from Creeley, wch word we say meaning, yes, credible across terrain we had not known the poem cd make its own, as here, the personal history of what we are trained to call. Archetype. And usually encounter with fustian & throat clearing & presumption here totally absent; here that naked strength not simple, not simplified, characteristic of Creeley.

I was not to go
as if to somewhere,
was not in the mind
as thinking knows it,

Bobbie Creeley' s collages are part of the book, strange that it shd be so, I wld have imagined no illustration cld serve or subserve, yet it does, the beautiful one, say, that faces

She was young,
she was old,
she was small.
She was tall with

was all distance, her eyes
extraordinary grace...

A beautiful book (printed by Graham Mackintosh) in 300 copies. But the poem. As

rich as " The Door, " & to me grown older thru that understanding.

--R K

***

William Blake: MILTON: A POEM Trianon Press, published for the William Blake Trust, London 1967

When a little extra money came in last year I bought this color facsimile of Blake' s second long prophecy, about $140 and a glory it is. One cannot really read Blake in black & white any longer, and it seems just a matter of time before some publisher will bring out a Complete Blake in color in an edition everyone can afford. Blake wrote and drew all his poems out, etched them and water-colored them in, doing individual copies of each, from The Songs of Innocence through Jerusalem (which is the greatest poem in the language); some of the poems and/or books have half and full page illustrations (or paintings, they shd be called) that are never reproduced in typeset editions, and all these paintings and figures (that sometimes simple snake along a margin or come in like a little storm cloud moving across a page of full text) are part of Blake' s message. Reading him in his own hand one also sees that the scholars have fucked around with him, for like Basho, he had his own way of punctuation and handling of the letters of his language, and the scholars have not respected such (for example, Blake was stopping lines, breath-breaking them, by periods in the middle of lines followed by uncapitalized words, in MLTON; there is no typeset edition that reproduces this style).

MILTON itself is the most breathtaking and the swiftest of the three long prophecies. In the first, THE FOUR ZOAS, Blake crashed into the depths of his own psychology, was overwhelmed, and left the poem in mss., in a semi-ruined state. In MILTON he knew exactly where he was, saw his target and proceeded to accomplish its fate. JERUSALEM, the 9th Symphony of his lifework, moves more like a Ganges (as Elaine Summers pointed out to me, after I had read passages as if it were jungled with vines and twisters), filling with many lifetimes and moving by and thru us as a compendium of roughly the last 6000 years, or whatever period one wants to postulate for man' s relation with the physical universe in its present opaque and contracted form. MILTON is the text of one man taking another man' s work to task, the inside-out of translation as it were, and as such valuable to poets of every age, for always we are dealing, if we read at all, with the problem of influence and how one handles the dead. In short, resurrection as it concerns the poetic process. It is in this sense that I note the publication of this book here, hoping some may care to look it up in a private collection or large library.

--C E

***

(the following statement by Frank Samperi most directly concerns a review of Samperi' s work by Gilbert Sorrentino in the April POETRY. The book of Samperi' s that Sorrentino criticized, Crystals, is actually a part of a much longer work, as of yet unpublished, called The Prefiguration.)

in defense of the poems of any poet whose sensibility is under attack

The poems fail because they are not like X' s, but in the beginning it is said that they are: therefore, we conclude that the poems are not like X' s, and if they fail they fail for a different reason.... To criticize the sensibility is to criticize from the standpoint of the political: therefore, the poet has every right to demand that the critic keep his eye on the work, and not wander off feigning interest, when the point is that the historical as background is but a cover up for his attack on the sensibility.

The concern is this: no criticism of poetry that is factional is true.

The pastoral the urbane can only be aspects of an argument continuing in a division resisting the solution that is differential.

The differential world the glorified body resolution: the Gift Use--no poetry (Art) can fail to reveal itself intelligentially: therefore, the above aspects of an argument are transformed or better the partition a consequence of the aspects released the argument released.

The Prefiguration is the end of a process--therefore, its summation, and given the establishment of a new form release from bondage. (To speak specifically: The Prefiguration takes to task The Cantos, Paterson, "A", Maximus Poems, and since it retains the Dantesque fourfold interpretation of a given work it restores Dante or better shows up the 4' s respective distortions of him.)

The songs of The Prefiguration cannot be set to music because the sentimental education is everywhere the day.

Given the differential world, music is a consequence, vision a principle; but if faith lacks meaning when vision is everything, then the sung song can only be the appetitive movement that surpasses all human knowledge.

From the above it follows that the only true criticism of The Prefiguration is from the standpoint of the Dantesque, that is, the differential the other resolution of the gradational; but since Dante is an exempler of the modern poet and the 4 an indication of the tragic ache for anterior time, it also follows that our relation to the 4 is apparent because of the apparent Dante in them.

The concern is not eradication.

The new form is not sentimental.

--Frank Samperi

***

REICH SPEAKS OF FREUD (Wilhelm Reich Discusses His Work and His Relationship with Sigmund Freud) Farrar, Straus and Giroux, New York.

A lovely 128 page tape Reich made in 1952 in Maine, followed by a highly edited selection of letters focused on the Reich-Freud relationship and, more particularly, on the fact that Reich was unprofessionally treated by his colleagues and on his own, often against considerable odds, all his life. If one has read none of Reich's writings this book is useful as an introduction to the man, and if one does know his work (I had been in Reichian therapy for about a year at the time the book was published) as confirmation of Reich's profound understanding of man's emotions and his very fine and perceptive mind. Most people who have any reality at all on Reich's name but who have never been in his therapy (which is actually the way to read the man) somehow no matter their respect feel he was a crackpot & in that their interest ends. This matter is not helped by the fact that a number of Reich's books which were ordered destroyed (like we said the Nazis did) when he was imprisoned in the fifties have never been reprinted. His name is still not confronted in psychiatry, which means the circle of actual therapists remains small (like there are only a few outside New York City in the world). Since it is impossible to talk about the development of his research and the considerable range of his discoveries here, I'd like to tell one incident that happened to me during a session as emblematic of what his therapy is about.

I was naked on a flat bed under the Doctor's torso and head, who was sitting at the side (one is naked in Reichian therapy because Reich found that the body changes color in various areas during a session as well as areas loosening or tensing up, all of which is pertinent to knowing exactly where a patient is). We had been working on my eyes (when I began the therapy I was unable to confront anyone directly with my eyes or to keep myself in the present before them for more than a few seconds without turning off), and this one day the Doctor leaned very close to me and began to make baby faces and sounds. I began to imitate him and soon found myself drawn into a sense of the baby face and sound presence, or I began to try & reach him thru the sounds, I mean I was trying to speak words to him I could not yet utter and suddenly then I wanted to suck his nose. I came back into the present long enough to tell him that (rather than utter the sounds of that feeling wch were at hand but wch I feared wld not get across), and he rolled the edge of the sheet around his forefinger and held it out to me. In gratitude I reached for it with my mouth, but he withdrew it and quite suddenly his attitude changed, he had withdrawn his finger, was sitting back, a cold and challenging expression on his face; then, as suddenly, he put the finger out to me again, held it there, and now I was reared back, partially up on the bed, fully alive and without thinking I struck at the finger, wch he got out just in time from the sheet, got my teeth into that wad, and then I went wild; not anger, but fury, black fury without object, I screamed and bounced and tore the sheet to shreds. The entire episode I imagine lasted less than a minute.

That Reich regards, or respects, man as six feet of body and not a foot of head, that his therapy enforces a dynamic reliving of incidents rather than talking about them, and in this reliving anguish is discharged that is believed to be imbedded in armored musculature, should be obvious from

this example. What might not be obvious from this example is the core idea out of wch such an incident is set off, or allowed to come, in session: which is that man' s fears, prejudices, and rigidities are anchored in their somatic counterparts, and that to have a healthy vision of life a person must become again, as a child in a sense, capable of and willing to have sexual pleasure. There is a computation that being able to really yield in sexual loving, to experience another person fully, is man' s only truly powerful valve of social self-regulation. To mis-translate this, as many do, into Reich says that if you have good sex everything will be ok (he does, but since most have a very sick concept of what sex is, one could almost say that Reich means the opposite of what most mean), seems to me to miss one of the most daring ideas in the history of man.

Every poet in the world would learn something about himself by a reading of an early book of Reich' s that is in print: THE FUNCTION OF THE ORGASM. Nearly every poet I have ever met has been sexually unhappy and unhappy too in other ways that sexual unhappyness controls, and furthermore they make a poetry around this unhappyness or sitting on top of it and nourished by it rather than confronting the Satan of unacted desire (about wch Blake sd he would rather murder a child in its cradle than nurse) and understanding what makes him tick, why he lives in the bodies of women and men.

This was the wild gorge in wch Reich planted and worked as a scientist for over thirty years. Again and again it is the common sense of his observations and his feeling for others that knock me out (and that day, in the incident I tell above, that such common sense drained fury from my body making me lighter for the rest of my life), and I would like to end this review by quoting a passage from the tape. Reich is speaking:

"When a child is born, it comes out of a warm uterus, 37 degrees centigrade, into about 18 or 20 degrees centigrade. That' s bad enough. The shock of birth... bad enough. But it could survive that if the following didn' t happen. As it comes out, it is picked up by the legs and slapped on the buttocks. The first greeting is a slap. The next greeting: Take it away from the mother. Right? Take it away from the mother. I want you to listen here. It will sound incredible in a hundred years. Take it away from the mother. The mother must not touch or see the baby. The baby has no body contact after having had nine months of body contact at a very high temperature--what we call the "orgonotic body energy contact," the field action between them, the warmth and the heat. Then, the Jews introduced something about six or seven thousand years ago. And that is circumcision. I don' t know why they introduced it. It' s still a riddle. Take that poor penis. Take a knife --right? And start cutting. And everybody says, "It doesn' t hurt." Everybody says, "No, it doesn' t hurt." Get it? That' s an excuse, of course, a subterfuge. They say that the sheaths of the nerve are not yet developed. Therefore the sensation in the nerves is not yet developed. Therefore, the child doesn' t feel a thing. Now, that' s murder! Circumcision is one of the worst treatments of children. And what happens to them? You just look at them. They can' t talk to you. They just cry. What they do is shrink. They contract, get away into the inside, away from

that ugly world. I express it very crudely, but you understand what I mean, Doctor. Now, that' s the greeting: Taking it away from the mother. Mother mustn' t see it. Twenty-four or forty-eight hours, eat nothing. Right? Penis cut. And then comes the worst: This poor child, poor infant, tries to stretch out and to find some warmth, something to hold on to. It goes to the mother, puts its lips to the mother' s nipple. And what happens? The nipple is cold, or doesn' t erect, or the milk doesn' t come, or the milk is bad. And that is quite general. That is not one case in a thousand. That is general. That' s average. So what does the infant do? How does it respond to that? How does it have to respond to that bio-energetically? It can' t come to you and tell you, "Oh, listen, I' m suffering so much, so much." It just cries. And, finally, it gives up. It gives up and says, "No!" It doesn' t say "no" in words, you understand, but that is the emotional situation. And we orgonomists know it. We get it out of our patients. We get it out of their emotional structure, out of their behavior, not out of their words. Words can' t express it. Here, in the very beginning, the spite develops. Here, the "no" develops, the big "NO" of humanity. And then you ask why the world is in a mess."

--C E

***

THE CITIES, Paul Blackburn Grove Press, 1967

"to write poems, say / is not a personal achievement...." It is the world, the man in it, that achieves. In this case it is the man and the cities, but it could be (has been) anywhere.

In the Philosophical Investigations Wittgenstein says that the meaning of words is their use, and I take him to mean that what we say can never quite be successfully extracted from the circumstances surrounding our saying it. Words mean in the event, are a part of it. It' s how they live. And there is no bracketing of relevant circumstances, because the man who speaks is a central variable: his particular history. That' s a kind of specific location: the man, where he is in his head and the world, talking.

Paul Blackburn has always risked this participation, never letting his poems question themselves, and the result of this trust in speech as a part of the events it deals with is clearly evident in his long overdue first large volume of poetry.

Blackburn' s is not a poetry of control, prediction, or reduction to the manageable. He knows how to trust in language at it' s source in the head, particular in his own mouth (his location), and it is this ability --to fuse speech with location-- which to a large extent accounts for the success of almost everything he writes.

Being public, accessible, need not be achievement. The elements of our shared dialogue are often too easy among us. But in Blackburn' s poetry there are no meaningful distinctions between speech, perception and thought, and therefore, the facts/events of his poems can never be described as objective. He doesn' t use

facts, because that would mean distinguishing them from himself as participant. It' s always that he sees us and himself subsumed in the world, and he respects our necessary commerce with it. When Blackburn says "Life is all verbs, vowels and verbs" he means it literally. In the rain "They both get wet," because they are inextricable from the living events they catalyze. As such, unless we are willing to question our own value, Blackburn' s poems stand somewhere prior to the workings of objective criticism.

It is significant in this light that Blackburn has made few statements that could be construed as aesthetic. "Every man' s stand be his own," in the reading as well as the making. Even craft, usually thought of as modes of translation, is indistillable here. Blackburn rightly recognizes language as a form of life: for each man what finally comes out of his mouth from where he is, and as surely as we think in words, they are our own, and always --that' s why we talk-- in commerce with the world.

In a most important sense these poems are magical. Blackburn, in refusing to describe, participates. He realizes that his speech is himself, and in living in the world he changes it.

I have avoided mention of the specific poems in THE CITIES; most of them are happily well known to most of us. But to anyone who has somehow missed reading a large chunk of Blackburn' s poetry, I can recommend THE CITIES as the largest and best collection of, to my mind, the finest poet among us.

THE CITIES -- I am always buying new copies, because I am always giving them away. It seems appropriate. Paul Blackburn always comes to you with gifts. It might be a pair of sandals from Mexico, an Indian hat, or a few fantastic stories. His poems are the same, brought from where he' s been, but always (and only) because he' s been there. This is the primary gift, most precious because it is of the man in his own life. Go through THE CITIES. You' ll find yourself at last, in front of the Hill of Poetry.

--Toby Olson

***

GREED: Diane Wakoski Black Sparrow Press, Los Angeles 1968

The two sections of GREED here presented strike me as transitional, or representing a transitional period in Miss Wakoski' s work. They may mean, now, what GLASS meant in 1961, wch David Antin noted was the poem in wch she made a move into the rich and disturbing narratives thru wch her reputation has grown the past five years. The GREED sections are more intellectual than her past work, and admit new material to her processes; there is in these poems a kind of willingness to deal with what the poet had considered before not material for her poetry. At this point in her career Miss Wakoski can go anyplace; she has the most fertile, almost Boschian, imagination of anyone writing today, in terms (sorry to be stuffy and qualify that) of its image-pull; she is an instant metaphor-

mizer, material changes shape in very wild and beautiful ways in all her emotionally convincing work; her problems, as I see them, to date, have been a kind of club-footedness, a heaviness and slowness of language that has come from not being sure of herself and wanting to make sure folks got it. She has yet to find a way to make her poetry move convincingly as prosody, wch is to say, she writes free verse. Her life has changed much over the past year and feeling new footing & sensing that past images have drained of charge are felt in the present poems. Pertinent here to remark that Martin' s Signature series are very useful in exactly how these GREED poems are useful. A twenty page book in company with much larger ones can indicate points that keep us in touch with where a poet is when he is feeling new ground. The days of the 64 page Iron-maiden are over. Martin' s work via Black Sparrow may just be issuing in this generation' s new New Directions.

--C E

***

Stephen Jonas TRANSMUTATIONS. Ferry Press, London.

Tho out well over a year, & erratically available in the United States, this book needs to be kept in mind. It' s the first anything like large collection of Jonas poems, & as such, a major event. Event means coming forth into the world, outcome. And however ill-publicized the event, the event matters. When the book came to me, summer of 66, I read it thru twice, found it hard to confess that a poet of such mastery of his resources (& they are many) shd be ill-known to me. I' d seen individual poems, but they pleased without pushing me around, & that' s not interesting to me, I mean I can' t use that. But this collection, the series of "Orgasms," a few of the "Exercises for Ear," to encounter this work seriously is to question e very thing, renew everything. Of all the poets who have presumed to carry Pound' s torch onward (suspiciously not yet let fall in Merano), few have been as faithful as Jonas in preserving the root gesture of P' s work: care, care for the facts, the breath, wch is fact, the word, wch is fact, care for the attentions. Money, Fedl Reserve & Usura are material here, but they have been conjoined with alchemy, where much of SJ' s research has been; he investigates the decay of matter from within, the historic gesture (& here he' d divide in my mind from Olson, or do I misread?) becomes metaphoric of internal growth & decline, while remaining primary evidence of such processes. That marriage makes Jonas' poems extraordinarily rich, & his ear is very good. So good that it' s hard to find it musical at first: it' s specific, doesn' t sound like anything else, balks the yen for the familiar that disfigures most litry comment. Doesn' t Ives say somewhere that if it sounds beautiful at first reading, be sure it' s the same old slop? My first reading of the book I fought him all the way, & he stood up to it & sang in my face. American language, lifted up. A great book.

***

--R K

Robert Kelly: FINDING THE MEASURE Black Sparrow Press, Los Angeles.

Kelly' s work will ultimately be seen as a constellation, such as Blake' s and Olson' s rather than individual poems (Creeley, Burns etc). Reading him now carries some of the mystery that reading Blake at the beginning of the short prophetic histories might have; his work draws grandly on his reading experience and while this experience is genuine (any reference anyone cares to check in a Kelly poem will turn out not only accurate but will also quite often turn reader on to new area), --it comes into the poem unsteeped, that is, the referential is still at this point more evocative than the in-point to Kelly' s own mind. A necessity almost to clear the house at every point (tho I must say here that often I do not check Kelly' s references, I look at them as foreign words or as sound-walls, like an area of an abstract painting wch is part of the composition & shd be judged as such; therefore what he is clearing from his house, I mean my expression above, may mean nothing, for, Xrist, what really do we ever know of another man' s processes if he is invading territory that we do not have instant emotional reality on?). In all of Kelly' s work, in some especially of the weakest of it, is compassion and understanding, and willingness in the best Christian sense to sacrifice for others. The literariness that I personally object to (I mean I want to say that if Kelly would let the vulva out of the bag, ho! he would break, I mean, Break into chant and the metapedagogicalphysics would consume in the fire of direct utterance -- I know this is absolutely horrible to say to Kelly as his fulcrum is world of learning and one shd grant him the possibility that thru his chosen world he can drive out the chariot of his soul) I am aware has often as its intention the bringing of new material into the poem, and is, as such, K' s responsibility to where he is. In FINDING THE MEASURE wch interests me in terms of Kelly' s own process (by wch I mean he has a good head so I am interested in reading anything he writes), there are also a half dozen stunning poems, the best of wch is the last one in the book. Kelly' s death preoccupation seems to worry more than enter; he also has a tendency to speak for others when as far as I' m concerned he is speaking for himself (vide LAST LIGHT, a lovely piece, but wch Marie Benoit, a friend of mine, pulled apart on the basis that Kelly pulled her into an involvement and judgement that she did not feel). I mean (again), the "I" is a pillar of fire and "we" is a non-look. Kelly' s sense of female drives me up the road to Carolee Schneemann' s place where I find him preoccupied in the head of the poem with sexuality wch never seems to release. Or is that mine? Boy, what a Victorian thing a review is! I keep waiting for Kelly to pound me thru the wall with a poem and it' s like a lovely creature I don' t know and only partially embrace. I love his Picasso-like concern for all forms, their rape and revitalization. Given his stamina (vide AXON DENDRON TREE) and knowing, we can expect everything of him, and he shd be pushed very hard for everything. As he would have his King, Robert Kelly, who is also my friend, keeps his cup full, and it is a large brass one, and the wine is hearty and good.

*** --C E

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Caterpillar X: **WALKS**, poems by Clayton Eshleman (including the letter on Vallejo to César Calvo). An edition of 300, signed and numbered: in print: $3.00.

The summer of 1968 a new **Caterpillar Book** will be published: **BROTHER STONES**, woodcuts by William Paden and poems by Clayton Eshleman. Paden has been in Kyoto four years and learned ancient Japanese color woodcut process: the six cuts to be used in the book range from three to twelve colors, all are originals and are laid in 6½ x 8½" box with 11 poems by Eshleman. The box is covered with a lovely mingei paper and ties. An edition of 250, of which 150 are for sale, signed by both painter and poet, $15.00.

There are also a few copies left of Clayton Eshleman's first book, **MEXICO & NORTH**, printed in Tokyo, 1961. Traditional Japanese binding and rice paper wrappers, all mint. $5.00 each.

The **Caterpillar magazine CATERPILLAR** is now going into its second year. A quarterly, running about 150 pages per issue. Printing consistently work by Duncan, Corman, Wakoski, Kelly, Sorrentino, Blackburn, Samperi, etc. About the liveliest poetry magazine around. $5.00 per year. First year run (October 1967–July 1968), 4 issues, available to libraries at $10.00. All new subscriptions start with Volume I, No. 3/4, unless otherwise requested.

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As most readers of CATERPILLAR must know by now, the magazine is not supported by any Foundation or Institute. It started with the editor's teaching salary and continued thru the first year with the help of friends and a few small loans. Recently the magazine received a $1000 matching grant from the Coordinating Council of Literary Magazines in Washington and a $400 Grant from The National Translation Center at Austin Texas. While obviously CATERPILLAR cannot make it on subscriptions alone, they certainly help.

***

(Addenda to the Bending the Bow review: Importance of this book: not to fear the romance, the romantic feeling that man would enter into but fears to at the cost, he fears, of reason & virility: aren't Reason & Virility, when lived alone, the very horns of Satan? Haven't Duncan, and Ginsberg, in our time ended the cult of the need to be masculine that would freeze the heart of the poem to a stony core? In Duncan here it is thru his indulgence in his exuberance for yearning & inspiration that makes for the very flight that makes sense of the topical too --of news, war, the head lines ((profile)) of the Great Society.) --C E

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svāhā.

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